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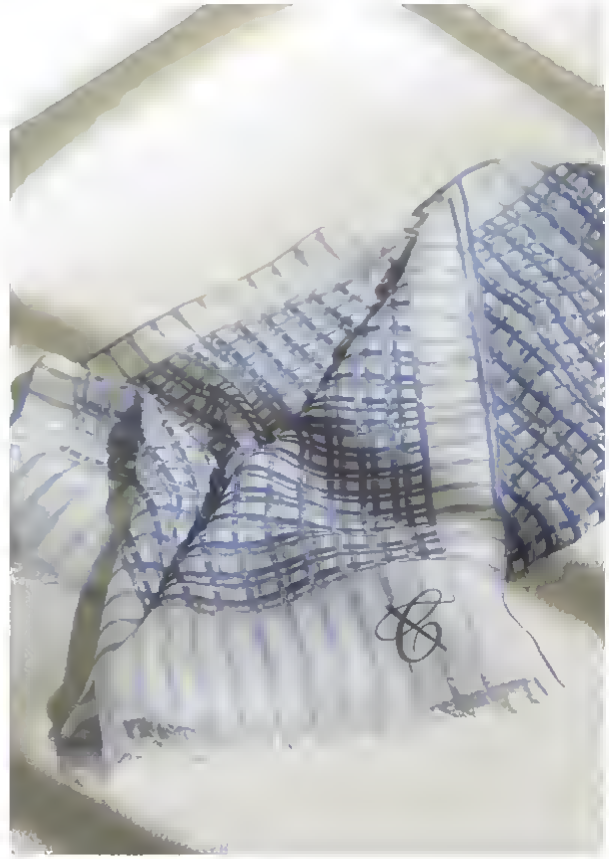
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CHRIS EVANS



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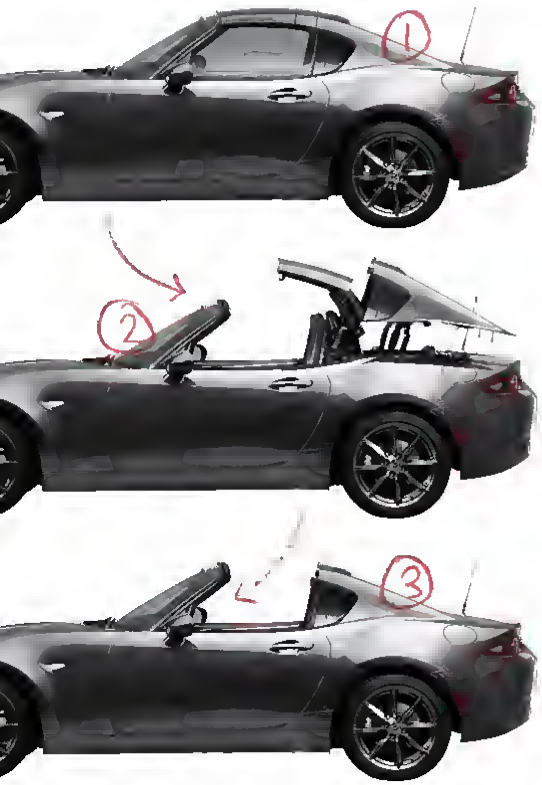
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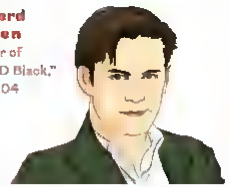
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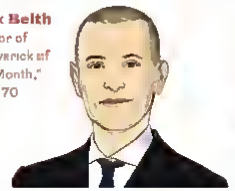
Credentials: Former NYPD detective, author of the best seller *Blue Blood*. **What those careers have in common:** "You find out what you can about a story, try to make sense of it, and tell it the way you see it." **Hopes to witness:** An arrest in the story he's working on next.

Hawre Khalid
Photographer of "Goodbye, My Brother," page 84



Credentials: His work has been featured in *National Geographic*, *The Washington Post*, and *Time*. **Hometown:** Kirkuk, Iraq. **Where he started:** To work as a photojournalist in 2007 during the Al Qaeda in Iraq attacks. **Hopes to witness:** "A time when there is no war to cover."

Alex Belth
Author of "Maverick of the Month," page 70



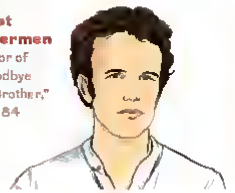
Credentials: Editor of Esquire Classic, Esquire's digital archive (classic.esquire.com), archivist at Deadspin. **Not to mention:** An assistant film editor on *The Big Lebowski*. **Favorite Esquire Classic find:** Richard Ben Cramer's feature "The Ballad of Johnny France" (1985), about a Montana sheriff who captures two kidnappers.

Heather Havrilesky
Author of "What Does She See in That Guy?" page 80



Credentials: Author of *How to Be a Person in the World*, advice columnist for *New York* magazine. **Surprised she's never been asked:** "How do I tell my spouse, gently, to stop annoying the hell out of me every second of every day?" **Hopes to witness:** "A shared moment of relief—maybe in four years."

Elliot Ackerman
Author of "Goodbye, My Brother," page 84



Credentials: Former Marine, author of *Dark at the Crossing*. **Which is about:** The failed Syrian revolution, told through the prism of a failed marriage. **What he learned at war:** "The line separating good and evil passes not through states, but right through every human heart." —Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

illustrations **Stéphane Manel**



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

WILD HAIR

In addition to feelings, interior decorating, and *The Crown*, one of the most obvious of the many subjects modern man cares a lot about but rarely if ever discusses openly is his hair. Consider for a moment how five-time Super Bowl champion Tom Brady, who appears to have worn his more ways than Lady Gaga, is largely mum on the subject. Or recall the recent news that François Hollande was found to be spending eleven thousand dollars (eleven thousand dollars!) a month (a month!) on his chip on helmet of Lego locks. Before that, *le silence*.

These days, in fact, the arenas of sports and politics surprisingly outshine almost all other realms of male vanity, fashion and Hollywood included. Colin Kaepernick's protest was also cloaked in silence, for instance, but his flashback 'fro amply said what he wouldn't. As for baseball's hair gods, I'm honestly not sure who uses more extensions—fastball pitchers or Victoria's Secret Angels. And what of the most infamous and intriguing 'do on planet earth—that meringue of whipped keratin affixed to the scalp of Donald Trump? The more he tweets and boomerangs executive orders, the more his odd yet meticulously tended coif seems to suggest that this is a man whose deepest inner fantasy is to put any one not on his side under the total control—*pfft! pfft! pfft!*—of the world's best hair spray for men.

It would be hypocritical of me to go on about other people's hair without, well, having the guts to acknowledge my own. Let's start with a recent piece in *The New York Times* by the writer Alex Williams, who, in the spirit of a friendly yet flaying roast, described mine as a "cascade of artfully coiffed curls that calls to mind both the belletrist whimsy of Oscar Wilde and the gunslinger gusto of Wild Bill Hickok." A rapier wit in a velvet jacket crossed with a legendary poker playing sharpshooter? I'll take it as a compliment, especially since those guys didn't even have hair gel. Having set up the notion that the new Esky is man enough not to have to worry about its manliness all the time, the story took up the question of how we're planning to steer the magazine of masculine appetites through an obstacle course of locker-room talk, transgender bathrooms, Snapchat, strained attention spans, the new women's movement, and an open war on the idea that the Fourth Estate has an actual job to do.

In other words, for any guy who'd read the story, there was plenty there to talk about besides hair. But hair is where they kept going. This being guys, there were, of course, plenty of ribbing questions about my "hair spiration." (Silence.) Whether I dyed it. (Not yet.) Or use my wife's curling iron. (NFW.) And if it's real. (So far.) But there also were actual conversations.

Take the way an acquaintance in the fashion business drily acknowledged he'd seen the piece. "Your hair's become more famous than you are." A stylish guy with a cool cascade of bangs spilling over his brow, my pal was suddenly telling me about his own hair odyssey, as if it were as normal for two men to bond over grooming as football or watches. He proceeded to break down the chapters of his life by the color he'd dyed his hair—blue, green, blond—as memories of music and people and the places he'd lived suddenly popped back into his mind. His hair was now red, the color of mine. Until I was in sixth grade, the jerks at school called me "Carrot Top." My hair, back then, was the bane of my existence.

"Well, now you can forgive and forget," he said. "Go out there and flaunt it, honey."

How encouraging, I thought, and I thanked him. But for some reason, I'm not sure "flaunt" is something Wild Bill can do.

Jay FIELDEN

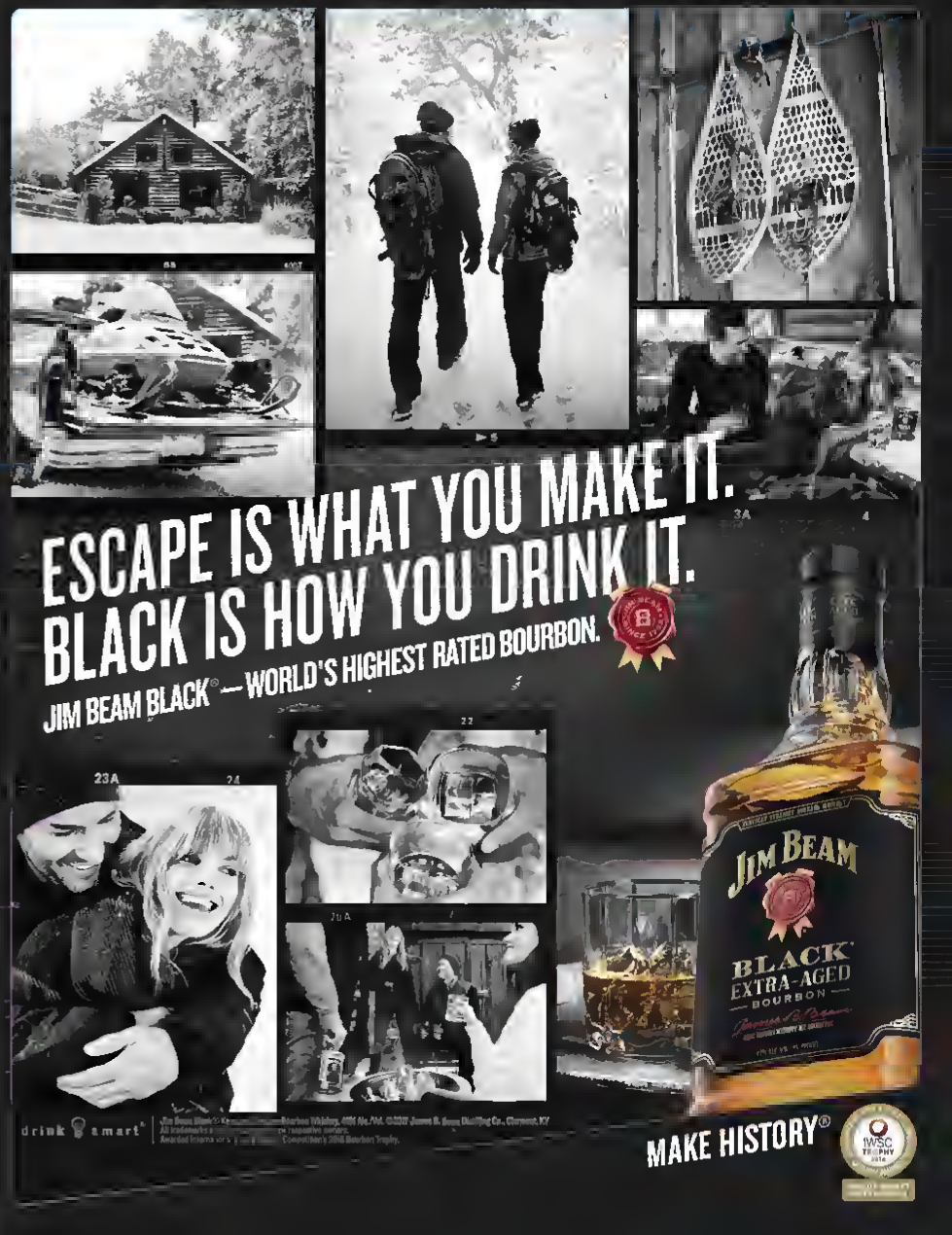
FROM THE VAULT



➡ Seven years before *The Big Lebowski* made his name synonymous with "The Dude," Jeff Bridges was 41 years old with 37 films and three Oscar nominations. And yet he told our writer, "People ask me, 'Gee, aren't you disappointed that you're not more famous?'"



photograph **Alexei Hay**



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FOOD

YES, THIS IS HEALTHY

Forget dieting—chefs around the country are discovering that where your food comes from and how it's prepared is what really counts

By Jeff Gordinier

I smeared a thick coat of butter on a chewy slab of bread. In front of me was a bowl of hot broth, all glossy with melted bone marrow. I dunked the bread into the broth, curious about how the marrow and the butter would intermingle. Off to the side waited a plate of tartare; it had cheddar mixed in with the beef. A forkful of raw meat and sharp cheese on top of buttered sourdough? Count me in. Fatty and Continued ▸

photograph © Minimiem

Continued bloody, it was a repast worthy of a warrior on *Game of Thrones*. And I felt no guilt whatsoever, because this, I was told, also qualified as health food.

My dinner took place at Hearth, a restaurant that has occupied a prime corner in New York City's East Village for almost 14 years. Not long ago, the chef at Hearth, Marco Canora, decided to take the (spiritually Italian) menu in a new direction. That direction happens to include a burger dense with organ meat, an assortment of the bone broths that Canora has been lucratively selling from his Brodo outposts, and an increased emphasis on wild fish, freshly milled grains, and what he sees as the "good fats"—such as olive oil and lard and butter from cows that eat grass.

For anyone who can dimly recall the Lean Cuisine austerity of the 1980s, when fats were strip-mined out of everything from cookies to chicken parm—or for anyone who continues to associate the phrase "health food" with meatless Mondays and grim hippie sandwiches stuffed with tumbleweeds of alfalfa sprouts—it can only come as sweet relief that a chef as esteemed as Canora is marketing bone marrow, butter, and raw beef as stuff that's good for you.

When it comes to healthy eating, we're living in a period of dueling forces: certitude and confusion. On the one hand, we've all got friends who are absolutely convinced that the only true path is the * diet. (*Insert your favorite here: paleo, gluten-free, vegan, Bulletproof, Blue Zones, vegetarian, fruitarian, reducetarian, Mediterranean.) Should you happen to be a vegan or a vegetarian and a lover of restaurants, this is a golden age for you, with places like Apteka, in Pittsburgh, Ervén, in Los Angeles, Vedge, in Philadelphia, the new abcV, in New York, and Sen Organic, in Richmond, Virginia, introducing a new frontier in meat- and dairy-free deliciousness.

Yet the presence of so many competing belief systems suggests that what the screenwriter William Goldman said about Hollywood can be said just as persuasively about nutrition: "Nobody knows anything." Today maybe it's cold pressed juices and avocado toast, tomorrow it could be maple syrup shakes and pastrami omelets. Just about every single thing that is edible (bread, butter, coffee, wine, meat, cheese, tofu) can be deemed "good for you" or "bad for you" depending on who's doing the judging.

So I'm glad that chefs like Canora are moving beyond the strict confines of orthodoxy and focusing Continued

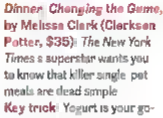
GAME-CHANGING TRICKS FROM SPRING'S BEST NEW COOKBOOKS



SPREAD 'EM
Put butter from grass fed cows on your healthy foods list—it's all about the good fats



***Scraps, Wilt + Weeds: Turning Wasted Food into Plenty*, by Mads Refslund (Grand Central Life & Style, $35)** Danish chef Refslund, one of the founders of Noma in Copenhagen, shows you how to elevate your cooking by putting a stop to pointless squandering. **Key trick:** Don't buy fresh herbs only to let them get all gloppy in the crisper drawer. Have them dry out naturally on the counter and then crumble them into flavor dust. (Also: No time to cook that fish fillet you bought? Pack it in salt.)



***Dinner, Changing the Game*, by Melissa Clark (Clarkson Potter, $35)** The *New York Times* superstar wants you to know that killer single-pot meals are dead simple. **Key trick:** Yogurt is your go-to secret sauce. Put some in a bowl, stir in salt and spices, and spoon it next to your steak or right into your pasta. "A sprinkle of chile if you like it hot," Clark says. "Takes two minutes to make."



***Project 258: Making Dinner at Fish & Game*, by Zakary Pelaccio and Peter Barrett (University of Texas Press, $50)** Pelaccio and his wife, the fermentation sorceress Jori Jayne Emde, have carved out an enviable life for themselves within the farmhouse bohemia of New York's Hudson Valley. **Key trick:** Make vinegar. Yes, at home. It's easier than you think (throw in carrot tops, corn cobs, peaches, whatever), and it brings a sour jolt to anything you cook.



***On Vegetables*, by Jeremy Fox (Phaidon, $50)** This book is, yeah, about vegetables, but it's also about how one of California's greatest chefs got his shit together after the brain-fogging crash-and-burn frenzy of early fame. **Key trick:** Onion top ash. No joke. You know the green part of a scallion or leek that you often wind up tossing? Incinerate it into black ash in the oven, pulverize it into powder, and then scatter it on anything for an instant touch of smokiness. —*J. G.*



Illustrations **Kelsey Deke**

Continued instead on how their dishes are prepared and where their ingredients come from. But somewhere deep in my own marrow I realize that I don't even care. Everything I know about healthy eating I learned from Jim Morrison of the Doors, who helpfully reminded us that "no one here gets out alive." Admittedly, Morrison keeled over in a Paris bathtub at 27, but the guy had a point. Avoid whatever you want, champ. It's not going to keep you from winding up in the great SoulCycle in the sky. When that moment comes and you look back on your life, you're not going to regret those ecstatic nights of guzzling red wine and tearing apart roast chicken with friends. You're going to regret that tempeh patty you choked down at your desk on Tuesday.

One of the most illuminating conversations I ever had about the pleasures of eating was with Gabrielle Hamilton, the chef/owner of Prune, also in the East Village. She was dead serious, in spite of her inimitable laugh, when she told me that she viewed her menu as "health food." Such a proclamation would probably come as news to the likes of Dr. Oz. At the time, Prune used butter the way hip-hop producers use beats. It underpinned everything. But Hamilton's definition of health comes down to an acceptance of emotional wholeness as opposed to some tiresome, tedious pursuit of wellness. "People feel well here," she went on, "in the sense that there's no guilt, there's no denial, there's no self-deprivation." I'm with her. Few things strike me as healthier—in the sense of standing up for the simple good fortune of being alive—than ordering two dozen raw oysters for the table. People are always telling me that oysters are packed with nutrients. That's cool. What I'm interested in slurping down is joy. There are diets associated with helping you live past the age of 100. Those diets do not tend to involve regular servings of cheese. Do what you want, man. I have no interest in living for a century if I can't have cheese.

The chef Jeremy Fox got famous years back by cooking at what was, for a while, the most acclaimed vegetarian restaurant in America—Ubuntu, in Napa, California—but these days, at L.A.'s Rustic Canyon, his menu features a pork chop with sauerkraut, as well as a dish of duck pastrami with foie gras, truffles, and brown butter. "I'm a proponent of animal fats," Fox told me recently. "Our chicken is cooked in chicken fat, our beef in beef fat, our pork in pork fat." He knows all the farmers and ranchers and fishermen who supply what Rustic Canyon serves. And he believes he's making better food there than at Ubuntu, where, as he put it, "I had lost sight of who I was cooking for."

Jeremy Fox will tell you that the best cooking isn't about fussing over what you leave out. I'd add that the same goes for eating. The healthiest approach of all is to shut up and enjoy it. ■

Esky *Wisdom*



Improving your posture will make you feel better about having already bagged your New Year's resolutions



ENEMY MINE

BATTLE OF THE BALD, ETHNICALLY AMBIGUOUS ACTION HEROES



VIN DIESEL	DWAYNE JOHNSON
Family connections: Stepfather an eating coach	**Family connections:** Father and grandfather both pro wrestlers
Previous experience: Nightclub bouncer, breakdancer, telemarketer	**Previous experience:** Canadian football player, "The Most Electrifying Man In Sports Entertainment"
Big break: *Saving Private Ryan*	**Big break:** 1998 *King of the Ring* tournament
Major roles: Riddick, Xander Cage, Dominic Toretto	**Major roles:** Scorpion King, Hercules, Luke Hobbs, the Tooth Fairy
Trademark: Deep voice	**Trademark:** Raised eyebrow
Special skills: Sky snowboarding, extreme carjacking, motorcycle surfing	**Special skills:** "Rock Bottom," "Spinebuster," "People's Elbow"
Novel distinction: First actor with 100 million Facebook likes	**Novel distinction:** Most selfies in three minutes (105)

Dry bar: It feels good to eschew booze now and then. But it gets boring. You thirst for something more, and options swing between bubbly water and mocktails that taste like premature dessert. Behold a curious new alternative: Rooted in apothecary conjurings from the 1600s, **Seedlip** is a sugarless, alcohol-free spirit made from various barks and herbs and spices. How does it taste? Beguilingly bitter and complex, and it mixes well with tonic. You might say it makes sobriety less of a buzzkill. $39, *seedlipdrinks.com*

Illustration **Jean-Michel Tixier**



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Rosa Picante

THE HISTORY OF THE MARGARITA

BY DAVID WONDRICH

The first time the world heard about the margarita was in December 1953 in the pages of *Esquire* magazine. At the beginning of the 1960s every Mexican restaurant in America knew how to make one. By the 70s, practically every bar did.

The most important thing the modern age has brought to the margarita is the more flavorful tequilas distilled from 100% agave.

With Patrón tequila leading the charge (launched in 1989), the state-of-the-art margarita has evolved from a slushy concoction to the rich, deep flavored, hand shaken mix of fresh lime juice, imported orange liqueur, and premium tequila it was when *Esquire* first encountered it back in 1953.

Anytime a cocktail reaches widespread popularity, people start wondering who invented it and under what circumstances, and the margarita is no exception. The answer is rarely straightforward. Cocktails are scarcely created in the full light of history. Some bartender has a clever idea, shakes it up, and tests it out on a couple of customers. A clever name is suggested. Slowly it moves from bar to bar and town to town, just another drink among the many that people order, until for whatever reason it suddenly catches on. Then you've got a thousand barstool detectives trying to walk back the cat—to figure out how it got here and where it came from.

With the margarita, that process started as early as January 1955. That's when the nightlife columnist from a suburban Los Angeles newspaper asked around and found John Durlesser, head bartender at the Tail o' the Cock and the dean of Los Angeles mixologists, and the story that he invented the drink "way back in 1937 when tequila first appeared here." In 1946, Durlesser, still in the same job, elaborated for *Bon Appétit* magazine, it was actually 1936, and he "was asked to duplicate a drink a lady customer had once tasted in Mexico." True story? Everyone thought so at the time, anyway.

Read the full article and check out delicious Patrón tequila margarita recipes at **MargaritaOfTheYear.com**

ONE SWEET CENTURY

THE MARGARITA THROUGH THE YEARS

1873

THE DAISY

Around the corner from the New York Stock Exchange, a bartender adds a little soda water and liqueur to a whiskey sour and names it the daisy.

1929–1930

TEQUILA GETS IN THE MIX

An unsuspecting bartender making a daisy at the Tent Bar in Tijuana reaches for the wrong bottle and creates the tequila daisy. It catches on.

1942

THE MARGARITA IS NAMED

The head bartender at Tommy's Place in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico, names the drink he mixed for a customer with tequila, lime juice, and orange liqueur. "Margarita," after the Spanish word for daisy.

1953

FIRST RECIPE IN *ESQUIRE*

The margarita first makes it into print in the December issue of *Esquire* magazine.

1989

PATRÓN SETS THE BAR

Patrón launches invigorating and inspiring tequila cocktails worldwide.

2016

THE MARGARITA OF THE YEAR

The deliciously spicy Patrón Rosa Picante margarita is the trend of the year.



BOOKS

AMERICAN BEAUTIES

From punk artists to naked Angels: Five **ART BOOKS** that will lend range and vision to your library



1
A Pen of All Work
By Raymond Pettibon

You might know Pettibon best for his '80s punk albums—he created the Black Flag logo—but this career-spanning catalog shows that his illustrations are really gritty critiques of the American 21st century
Phaidon/New Museum $80

2
Madonna: Nudes +
By Martin H. M. Schreiber

In 1979, a quiet 21-year-old named Madonna Ciccone modeled for a photography class. Four years later, she was a star. And today, you can own never-before-seen photos from that legendary session
ACC Editions $28

3
Personal
By Vincent Peters

Peters's black-and-white celebrity portraits borrow imagery from classical sculpture and impressionist painting—meaning Victoria's Secret Angels dressed in nothing but light and shadow
teNeues $125

4
New York in Photobooks
Edited by Horacio Fernández

Cool concept: Take the best spreads from rare photo books of N.Y.C. to offer an informal nontourist's look at what the world's greatest city was like before we had the constant intimacy of Snapchat and Instagram
RM/Centro José Guerrero $35

5
Specimens of Chromatic Wood Type, Borders, &c.
Edited by Esther K. Smith

To typography diehards, finding an original copy of this book of 19th-century woodblock typefaces was like finding an original Gutenberg Bible. You can handle this reproduction without wearing white gloves
Rizzoli $45 —*Julia Black*

photograph by **Jeffrey Westbrook**

WILLIAM HENRY

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TECH

TOO FUN TO FAIL

Beware the NINTENDO SWITCH. It may turn lapsed gamers (aka adults with lives) into button mashers once again.

I blame work. I blame Netflix. I blame my children. There was a time when real video games were an integral part of my life, but adulthood and modern challenges have made this pastime a faint memory. Hold on, phone alert. "Lost Ballots Found in Warehouse"? Oh, fake news, I blame you, too. Insert "Angry Face" emoji.

And by "real video games," I mean the kind that you pop into your Xbox or PlayStation and settle onto your couch to play until you realize, several levels later, that you've run out of Red Bull and haven't showered in days. The mindless *Candy Crush*esque games you play on your phone are really more of a distraction from your interminable commute. (But hey, you've got a Trader Joe's and great public schools, right?) The hard core stuff—the *Call of Duty*s and *Grand Theft Auto*s of the world—require the kind of commitment people seem more willing to give to binge-watching *Stranger Things*.

For the grown-up, time-strapped lapsed gamer, hope can be found in the recently released Nintendo Switch ($300; nintendo.com), a full-fledged console that you connect to your television, something humans have done since the days of *Pong*. The so-called "switch," the thing that will have you dreaming of Princess Zelda again? You can remove the tablet-like console from its dock and play anywhere, on the train, in coach, or at your millennial playground of an office—sorry, Ashley, no time for a lunchtime foosball sesh. I'm deep into *Splatoon 2*.

When it comes to innovation and design, the Switch stands apart from the rest. It's an impressive piece of Transformers-like hardware: a tablet with a 6.2-inch screen (a bit larger than an iPhone 7 Plus's) and smartly designed controllers that can slide off, allowing you to place that screen on a table and have a second player challenge you in *Mario Kart* with the other "Joy Con." Despite the controllers' clunky name, the Switch stirs up a lust for gadgets from a time before high tech devices became black rectangles.

Gaming systems, no matter how slick, live and die through their killer apps, however. The Switch launched with only a handful of games, the most notable of which is *Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild*. (*Super Mario Odyssey* is coming soon.) Playing *Zelda* made me nostalgic for my college days, when I could recall a tune on Link's ocarina better than I could the difference between nominal and real GDP. *Mario Kart* is as fun as it's always been—a true transgenerational game if ever there was one. For those of you who long for the party-friendly motion-controlled games of the original Wii, *1-2-Switch* is for you. You can play quick draw and table tennis, even virtually milk a cow. Whoever produces the most milk wins—if only life were still that simple.

The Switch has its share of challenges. It's competing against a plethora of mobile entertainment options and lives in a world where the powerful PlayStation Vita portable system failed, one can surmise, because the thousands of games in a phone's app store provided enough of a fix.

But we carve out time and money to do things that are meaningful to us. I still get joy from the time-tested Nintendo titles. I'd rather tackle *Zelda* on a cross-country flight than some rom-com. And though it probably won't end up on the Switch, I'll dust off my Xbox to play the new *Red Dead Redemption* this fall—along with *GTA*, it's the pinnacle of games as culturally relevant entertainment. It feels as though the Switch exists to extend the life of traditional console gaming until "playing video games" means strapping a VR headset to your face. But until that day comes, I'll play on.

—*Kevin Sintumuang*

illustration **Stefan Dlarum**



Esky *Wisdom*

No one should have to utter "cultural appropriation" for you to know that the feather headdress at Coachella was a bad idea.



Move your cheese: Sure, your Microplane can turn Parmesan into umami shavings, but it lacks poetry. Behold the **Forma.** Designed by the late Zaha Hadid, it was intended to evoke a stone smoothed over time. *$80, alessi.com*



DOCUMENTARIES

TRUE NOTE

IF YOU WANT REAL JAZZ, SKIP *LA LA LAND* AND SEE THIS INSTANT CLASSIC

The jazz trumpeter Lee Morgan is remembered for two things: his brash, crisp, soulful music and the circumstances of his death. In 1972, at age 33, he was shot in the chest by his common-law wife, Helen, in between sets at Slugs', a club in New York City's East Village. Set aside that he had been a junkie for a time, or that the early '70s were particularly hard years for jazz. Jazz isn't the yakuza. Why did she do it?

The genre is awash in documentaries—many of them plagued by trite pacing and exaggerated praise—but *I Called Him Morgan*, a new film about Lee Morgan by Kasper Collin, is one of the best I've ever seen. Morgan's story emerges through video interviews with his friends and fellow musicians, who are still mulling it over, and through an audio interview with Helen conducted shortly before her death. Collin lets her troubled, fitful monologue determine the mood and tempo of the film. And so she becomes the true center: not why she did it but who she was. You know what's going to happen. There is no twist.

The Morgans are presented as creative, passionate, sometimes impulsive or desperate jazz people within their time and social reality (the antithesis, in fact, of the corny, isolated, ahistorical jazz musician in *La La Land*). They are not reduced to symbols or cliches or discographical entries. That is the twist. —*Ben Ratliff*

illustration **Jean-Michel Tixier**

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FILM

OUT OF HER SHELL

AOWOA ABOAH is a woman you'll be Googling this month



• • • You wouldn't know it to look at her today, but there was a t me when Adwoa Aboah could hardly bear to exist in her own skin

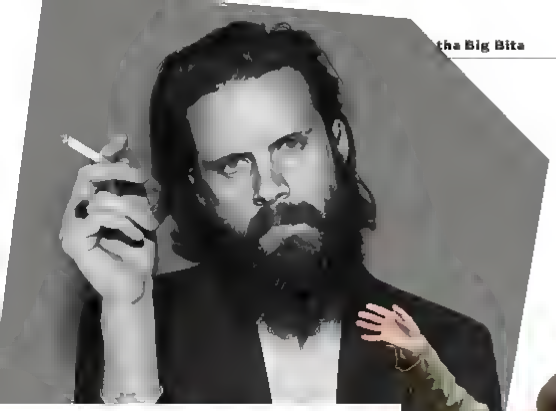
Instead of running away from her past struggles with addiction and depress on, however, the 24-year old model turned acter turned activist founded Gurls Talk a forum where young women can share their stories in a safe env ronment. "Being open makes me a lot happier than hiding everything away," she says in a deep Br tish accent that's more old soul than It girl.

This month, she opens up to a whole new audience as Lia, a courtesan who shares a sultry kiss with Scarlett Johansson a character in the cyberg thriller *Ghost in the Shell*. She's also taken her message of empowerment to the road...visiting schools and even rallying a busful of people to attend the Women a March on Weahington in January. Though she chooses her causes carefully, she says "I m definitely not scared of saying a bad word against the big dogs." —*Julia Black*

Esquire

Roseline Shahnevaz





MUSIC

HEATHENLY FATHER

FATHER JOHN MISTY ISN'T GOING TO LET THE DECLINE OF HUMANITY RAIN ON HIS PARADE

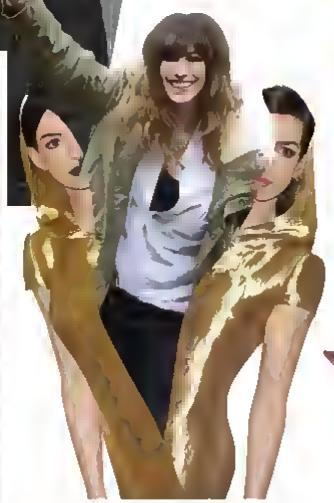
"Our country just did a pratfall," Josh Tillman, better known as Father John Misty, says with a laugh. "We just keep stepping on the same fucking banana peel over and over and over again all through human history."

Pure Comedy, Tillman's brilliant new album (his third as Misty), is a roast of our species. What he calls "the cosmic joke" is on us.

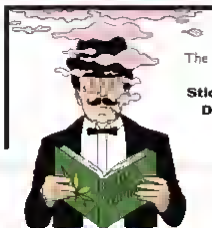
"I'm looking at a bird in the sky," he says of the song "Birdie," "and going, 'I feel bad for you, motherfucker, because we have business and technology and metadata and all these things that make us so free!'" Or take "Ballad of the Dying Man," in which he sings, "Eventually the Dying Man takes his final breath / But first he checks his newsfeed to see what he's about to miss." "The shit that we come up with is just ridiculous," Tillman says, "and by and large it enslaves us." But don't despair: "To embrace our ignorance is real liberation."

Born to devout Christian parents in Maryland, Tillman moved to Seattle in 2001. There he performed as J. Tillman, singing borderline-depressing folk songs before becoming the drummer for indie darling Fleet Foxes. Then, one evening in early 2010, Tillman drove to Big Sur in his Econoline and got naked in a tree while on psychedelic ayahuasca tea. Thus he was born again as larger-than-life troubadour Father John Misty.

This persona has freed Tillman to embrace ideas both ironic and outlandish. He recently reconceived his road show as a musical. "It's a trip into my deeply convoluted psyche," . My business manager was just like, 'I am morally obligated to tell you not to do this.'" —*Dan Hyman*



Anne Hathaway goes rogue: She has been branded as cloying, snobbish, and just plain annoying. She was sweet when America wanted sexy earnest when we craved irreverence. But the bullies haven't had the last word yet. This month, Anne Hathaway throws us a curveball with *Colossal*, in which she plays a sloppy ne'er-do-well whose drunken benders activate a monster that terrorizes innocents across the globe. Hathaway has finally learned that the surest way to be loved is to stop trying so hard to be liked. —*Julia Black*



Esky *Wisdom*

The Esky Guide to Marijuana Nicknames

Weed: The "green" standard

Sticky Icky: Only if you're Snoop Dogg

Dopa: Only if you're Nancy Reagan

What's Bugging Britt Daniel?

The Spoon frontman on the hot thoughts that inspired the new record



● **Jealousy.** "[The song 'Hot Thoughts'] was inspired by this Japanese kid who hit on my girlfriend in Shibuya last summer. He was smoking a cigarette and couldn't really speak English but was pointing to her teeth and saying [they] were so sexy and bright. I thought that was a pretty far-out way of hitting on her."



● **Violence.** "Some of the lyrics came to me after watching attack after attack of one sort or another—be it guns or terrorism—and just feeling a lot of sadness and empathy. That line in 'Tear It Down' 'Now we're never gonna meet / But I feel you anyway'—we're never going to meet because you're dead."

● **Politics:** "There's a line ['Let them build a wall' in 'Tear It Down'] where I was like, *Maybe this is gonna sound like we're talking about Trump . . . Well, maybe it should be about Trump!* My real concern was that by the time the record came out, Trump would be a forgotten shit stain of the past and it would be outdated. [Laughs.] If only . . ." —*Matt Miller*

Illustration: **Jean-Michel Tixier**



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BOOKS

WAR ON DRUGS

How Hitler's own Walter White—aka the **REICH INJECTION MASTER**—put the pep in the Fuhrer's goose step

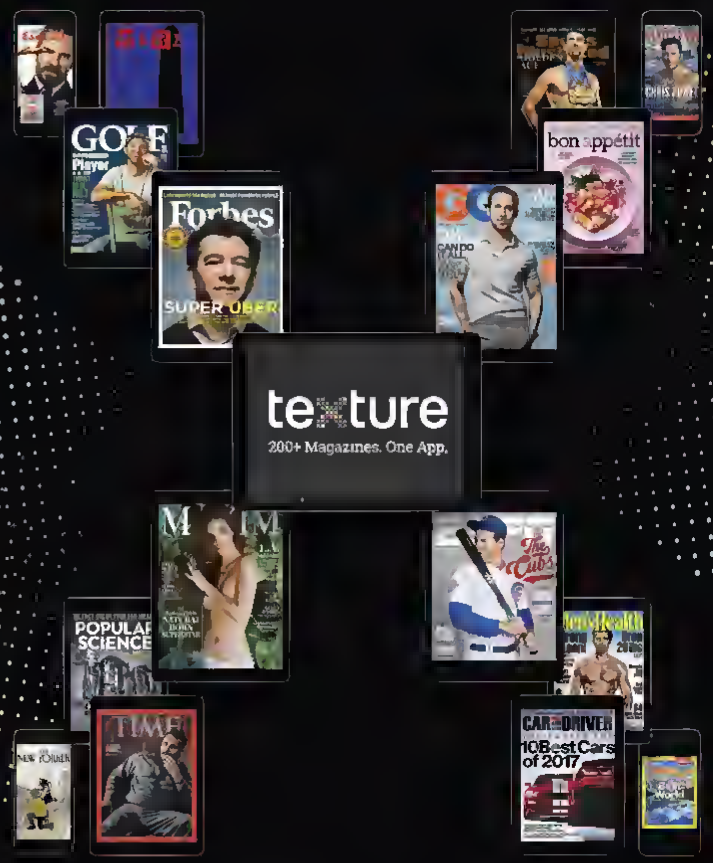
By George Pendle

Is there anything more terrifying than the Nazis? Politically, militarily, even fashionably—everything they did was perfectly evil. They believed in mass extermination; they built planes that screamed; they even wore skulls on their caps, for chrissake. I had thought nothing could make them more horrifying, but that was before I encountered *Blitzed* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt; $28). Now I know the only thing more terrifying than the Nazis are the Nazis on meth—which most of them were, according to this chemical chronicle of the Third Reich. The entire Fatherland seems to have been hopped up to the eyeballs before, during, and after the Second World War.

Blitzed is not your typical history book, but that's because its author, Norman Ohler, is not your typical historian. A novelist and self-described "cyberpunk," Ohler was surprised to discover through his research just how unaware traditional historians ◆◆◆continued◆◆◆

photograph **Jeffrey Westbrook**

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Get squared away: Who said table clocks need to be dim nutive? This midcentury classic by Swiss architect **Max Bill** stands at a stately seven inches tall, yet due to its pared-down design you'll never have to worry about it overwhelming a tableau. You may have seen Max Bill wall clocks and wristwatches with a similar look, but we're partial to this iteration because of its wood case, which frames and tempers the ultraclean clock face. $725. omega.com

Continued> have been about the impact drugs had on their subjects. "There was just not enough drug knowledge known by historians," he says, "which is fine, but if you know nothing about drugs, you can't write about them." Fortunately, Ohler had the right kind of background for the job. As a devoted denizen of Berlin's electronic music scene in the 1990s, he recalls heading out to raves every weekend. "Berlin was still a very wild place. You could still feel that the Wall had just come down. You would walk through a wasteland in the middle of the city, and suddenly there would be a literal hole in the ground with a ladder going down into it, and when you went down, there'd be hundreds of people dancing to the strangest music you'd ever heard before." From these depths, Ohler experienced his fair share of MDMA and LSD—and also saw the damage they did. "You would party for three days in a row and then sleep for four days. Although what I experienced was primarily party drugs, I can understand what withdrawal feels like. I can certainly get into the skin of a soldier who has been on methamphetamine for four days and four nights."

Drawing on such insight, Ohler brilliantly depicts how the Blitzkrieg's success depended on a new drug that gave users boundless energy, massive self-confidence, and laserlike concentration. Created by the German pharmaceutical company Temmler in 1937 and



released to the public under the brand name Pervitin, it soon became a daily cure-all popped by students, secretaries, firefighters, and housewives. Doctors doled out the tablets like they were aspirin, but Pervitin was in fact methamphetamine, and meth perfectly encapsulated the escalating madness of Nazism. This was a drug that made you feel like an übermensch.

Ohler tells of Panzer tank crews being ordered to take the pills daily so that they could drive for 72 hours straight. (It was not always a successful effort.) He also describes Luftwaffe pilots who accidentally ingested too many pills and suffered out-of-body hallucinations midflight, as well as troops on the front line who wrote home begging for more Pervitin. At the center of this medicated regime was Adolf Hitler himself, who, while searching for a cure for his interminable stomach cramps, fell under the narcotic sway of Dr. Theodor Morell, a man so trigger-happy with a syringe he became known as the "Reich Injection Master." Morell began by injecting Hitler with hormones and steroids but then moved on to cocaine and the powerful opioid Eukodal, which were often mixed together as a speedball. These injections initially helped Hitler with his pains but were soon administered to "prepare" him for meetings with his generals and even Mussolini. It's amazing that biographers haven't focused on the drug angle this rigorously before, given that Hitler's contemporaries often recounted that he would leave meetings looking worn and haggard and return minutes later looking fresh and lively. On one occasion, he actually halted his private train as it rattled through a war zone just so Morell could deliver his injection without being jostled.

Even the best Hitler biographers have faltered when trying to explain the Führer's increasingly irrational decisions from the autumn of 1941 onward. Seen through the prism of addiction, however, the illogical becomes much more understandable. The drugs allowed Hitler to continue his "megalomaniac Führer trip" in the face of all intrusions of reality. That is, until they eventually ran out in that bunker, deep underground in Berlin—a place similar, coincidentally, to where Ohler's own research began. ■

DAVID LETTERMAN'S
LIFE AQUATIC

Among the many eccentricities revealed in Jason Zinoman's *Letterman: The Last Giant of Late Night* (Harper, $29) was a plan to shoot an entire *Late Night* episode underwater in 1988. The $70,000 pitch imagined the host and his band wearing pressurized bubble helmets. Sadly, the show was nixed after rehearsals in a New Jersey pool were too much of a pain in Letterman's infamously troublesome neck. Literally.







POLITICS

ROCKIN' THE FULL TRUMP

I wore the PRESIDENT'S clothing line to his new D. C. bar. That's when things got interesting.

By Eric Sullivan

The blazer—navy blue, two-button, notched lapel, 12 percent silk to lend a sheen—was a facsimile of style. The tie—satin weave in flamboyant yellow and blue—snagged on anything with a sharp edge. Silk strands sloughed off behind me as if I were a sartorial Johnny Appleseed. Its label read, like someone's idea of a sick international-labor joke, HECHO EN CHINA.

It was a Saturday night in Washington, D.C., one day after the president signed an executive order barring refugees worldwide—and anyone from seven predominantly Muslim countries—from entering the country. Sporting the jacket-and-tie combo, both from the Trump Collection—a licensed line of business wear—I headed to Trump International Hotel. Standing at the bar in its cavernous atrium, the Benjamin (as in Franklin—I could hear bones rolling all the way from Philadelphia), I struck up conversations with Trump supporters.

Ever since Donald Trump hang-tenned on a hate wave to the highest office in the land, we've entered an intensified phase of politicized consumerism. Every decision you make, from the apps you tap to the restaurants you dine at, is an inherently political act.

Starting in October, an initiative built around the #GrabYourWallet movement (a reference to Trump's enthusiasm for grabbing something altogether more private) encouraged the boycott of stores carrying Trump-related goods. In February, Nordstrom announced that due to low sales, it would no longer carry Ivanka Trump's line of clothing; in response, the president tweeted that his daughter had been "treated so unfairly" by the company. With Trump, even the sales rack is partisan.

Which is exactly where you'll find the Trump Collection. I snatched the blazer, which has a price tag of $395, for $38.08 on Amazon; ties go for as low as $17.48. As poorly constructed as they were, I didn't look *bad* in them, at least no worse than normal.

Not that the Benjamin patrons much cared about my fashion distress. Not the mother and daughter bedecked in Ivanka Trump dresses purchased at Ross Dress for Less (the brand has hope yet!). Not the self-identified member of the alt-right who had been involved in the planning of its DeploraBall, a preinauguration victory party. Not the Marine who was on full disability, a white guy from Charleston who didn't refrain from liberally peppering sentences with "my nigga!"

One guy—one—showed interest in the clothing. He was in the market for a job-hunting outfit and eager to try my wares. The jacket was easy to slip off, but the tie was a nonstarter—that was my first, and likely only, double windsor, and I wasn't about to screw it up. He loved the blazer, but what he loved even more was that he could buy it on his phone right then and there. I encouraged him to recount this moment in his next interview.

I was still having difficulty engaging in thoughtful exchanges. Then I met Matthew "Hot Wheels" Wheeler. As a private in the Army, in Iraq in 2005, Hot Wheels was involved in an accident with a generator and a lot of gasoline that left second- and third-degree burns over 60 percent of his body. A buddy in his platoon, Matt Gallagher, wrote a memoir about their experiences called *Kaboom*, which features a detailed description of the incident. I promised I'd read it.

Politically, Hot Wheels and the Donald were on one team; I was on another—the Fourth Estate. "You gotta hand it to the man. He's doing exactly what he said he would," Wheeler said. Still, he was not too keen on the immigration ban. We were able to talk honestly without tearing out each other's throats. We agreed that Trump could conduct himself with more civility and the Trump Collection wasn't worth the money.

On my ride home, the blazer began to make my neck itch. I thought about how conversations like the one I'd had with Hot Wheels could lead to understanding, maybe even compromise, on the issues dividing the country. But not while I was wearing pieces from a licensing deal whose value has gone the way of its namesake's approval ratings. I pulled off the jacket and tossed it aside.

The next week, a copy of *Kaboom* arrived at my desk. There was no note, no return address. But I knew exactly who'd sent it. ■

SMELLS LIKE TRUMP SPIRIT

Which is to say: sad! We take a whiff of the president's three colognes.



1. EMPIRE
by Trump ($30)
Official product description: "It's [*sic*] addictive aroma continues to unfold into the heart of the fragrance with a masculine blend of orris, juniper flower and jasmine that mingles with exotic tonka bean."
Fake-news review: Win over the haters and losers with an overpowering cake batter scent that has undertones of mothballs, polyester and Febreze. Lurking beneath an exterior of populist appeal is a powerful whiff of the cold winds of Russia. Recommended for making unwanted advances on women a third your age.

2. SUCCESS
by Trump ($25)
Official product description: "As it evolves, the mix of frozen ginger, fresh bamboo leaves and geranium emerge, taking center stage, while a masculine combination of rich vetiver, tonka bean, birchwood and musk create a powerful presence throughout wear."
Fake-news review: Are you seeking drugstore brand quality at department-store prices? Donald Trump has drained the swamp right into a bottle with Success...a tantalizing blend of Jägermeister and hair gel with a soupçon of overcooked steak.

3. DONALD TRUMP THE FRAGRANCE ($15)
Official product description:
"Donald Trump possesses a blend of Mint, Citrus, Basil, Cucumber, Green notes, Wood, Vetiver. It is recommended for daytime wear."
Fake-news review: Remix scent of an airplane bathroom that's been closed for maintenance, this unique fragrance unites a rich Cheeto aroma with notes of fresh chicken stock. Ideal for tweeting alone in your bathrobe. —*Julia Black*

photographs **Ben Goldstein**



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the Code:

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THE HARD STUFF

A CASE for ACES

At a certain point in your career, you risk looking like an amateur pulling contracts out of your messenger bag. Which is why you should harness the power of the briefcase. (Or, as we like to call it, the hard case.) Take this model from Bertoni 1949, which features hand-painted planes streaking into the wild blue yonder. Inspired by the P-51 Mustang (this World War II fighter helped dispatch one fifth of the Luftwaffe in a single week), it channels the adventure of aerial combat where you'd least expect it.

Even without the painted details, the bag is covetable—it's wrapped in French calf leather and secured with palladium fittings. You could find such features in other briefcases, but they probably won't make you smile like this one will.

—Jon Roth

Briefcase ($2,675) by **Bertoni 1949**; jacket ($1,560) shirt ($340) and trousers ($740) by **Jil Sander**; shoes ($595) by **O Keeffe**; socks ($15) by **Falke**; Portugieser Automatic watch ($24,400) by **IWC**.

photographs: **Clément Pascal**

GET YOUR FLAIR ON

Take a cue from PAUL NEWMAN and DONALD GLOVER: In a world full of BLACK TUXES and SENSIBLE SUITS, you owe it to yourself to wear what you love.

I was in Milan recently, talking to a designer who often puts his clothes on the backs of men who walk the red carpet. He is known for making gorgeous suits, the majority of them being anything but boring black. In fact, he can make a knockout tux in any shade, from lustrous blue gray to dusty rose. Yet his most elegant suits rarely show up on awards nights. So I asked why. "You dress these guys and you make this beautiful stuff—why don't you put it on them?"

He looked at me and said, "It's because they've all been beaten into sameness by their managers and publicists and stylists. They're afraid to embrace individual style, because they're afraid they will be made fun of. It's sad."

Indeed.

We've gone through a style evolution recently, yet too often men seem intent on blending in rather than embracing the power of flair. Whether you're inspired by Donald Glover rocking a killer brown velvet Gucci tux at the Globes or you've been bingeing *The Crown* and are mesmerized by the OG style of the Duke of Windsor, the point is this: Be an individual. Like the guys on these pages, you'll stand out in all the right ways once you bring some flair to your wardrobe.

—Michael Hainey



The bigger bow tie says suave not straitlaced.

Velvet: the king of luxe fabrics.



Game-Recognizing Game

Paul Newman, pictured here in 1969, came from an era when flair was expected—not extra credit. (Note the knotted scarf and casual one-handed bottle-and-glass combo.)

Donald Glover

The Velvet Rake

When Glover showed up at the Golden Globes in this tobacco-brown Gucci tux, he'd already won the night. The play of light on velvet, the wide lapel, that gorgeously full burgundy bow tie—it all speaks to the same sexy, soulful vibe he channels in his latest album. And it happens to look great with a gold statuette.



Alessandro Michele

The Thinking Man's Maximalist

How do you transform a powerhouse label like Gucci overnight? If you're Michele, you draw from your own wardrobe, which in this case conveys a marked love of jewel tones, rich fabrics and embroidered accents.



Ryan Gosling and Mahershala Ali

The Winners in White

Proof positive you don't need an outlandish color to stand out at a formal event. Whether in a jacket or a full suit, crisp white will do nicely, thanks.

Tom Hardy

The Bespoke Bruiser

On any other guy, this would draw a raised eyebrow. But as Bronson, Bane and Mad Max reincarnate, a tailored three-piece suit (replete with watch chain and tie pin) is an unexpected hat-tip to dandy arm we can get behind.



A little hardware goes a long way to polish off a look.

Leon Bridges

The Retro Renegade

Some guys give a nod to old-school style—Bridges looks like he's got a direct line to a tailor from the Eisenhower era. The waist? High. The legs? Wide. The sweater? Cardigan. For all that, it never feels like a costume. Probably because he looks so damn comfortable.



Wes Anderson

The Unrepentant Prep

A corduroy suit. A pair of Clarks Wallabees boots. A mop of collar-length hair. Anderson has styled himself so relentlessly that those discrete elements are as much a signature as his candy-colored sets and wink-ing nostalgia. Sometimes flair is about finding a left-of-center look and then making it routine.



Westbrook never met a print he didn't like.

Russell Westbrook

The Game Changer

The NBA locker-room walk has become a red carpet in its own right. Westbrook has embraced fashion with the same aggressive style he shows on the court, pulling off long, tie-dyed tees, bleached jeans, tiger stripes and color-saturated prints with equal finesse.

GET IN GEAR

Two MECHANICAL MASTERMINDS join forces to create a TIMEPIECE with AUTOMOTIVE ACCENTS



• • • Say what you will about 1969, it was a banner year for luxury engineering. In the UK, Land Rover had just finalized the prototype for the Range Rover. Over in Switzerland, Zenith introduced the world's first automatic chronograph: the El Primero. (We landed on the moon, too. It was awe-inspiring, but not particularly posh.) Now, forty-eight years after hitting these milestones, the two companies have joined forces on the El Primero Range Rover Special Edition.

If you like us, suffer from collaboration fatigue, you'll find this union refreshingly simple. The watch lifts design cues directly from the Range Rover. The second hand picks up a detail from the hexagonal shape of a grille, and the perforated strap mimics upholstery. Flip it over and you'll see the legendary El Primero movement humming away through the transparent exhibition case back (powering the hours, minutes, chronograph, tachymeter and a 50-hour reserve).

But the biggest fusion of automotive and horological arts comes in the case. It's made of "ceramised aluminum"—a unique meld of ceramic and aluminum impressed by the Range Rover's unibody structure. It's light weight, elegant, and extremely durable. Which come to think of it, is an apt description of this collaboration. —*Stephen Watson*

El Primero Range Rover Special Edition chronograph ($7700) by **Zenith**

photograph **Ben Goldstein**



Left: Jacket ($585) and shirt ($240) by **Officine Générale**. Below: Jacket ($565), shirt ($260), and trousers ($335) by **Officine Générale**; loafers ($625) by **Tod's**.



FROM THE DESIGNER

• • • Officine Générale's Pierre Mahéo makes the clothes he's always wanted to wear, so the band-collar shirt he himself favors became a staple of his spring show. "It's easy to put on a tie and look good," he says, "but this is more deconstructed, more subtle." Here are his three keys to wearing it best.

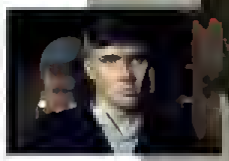
SHIFT GEARS
"IT'S A GREAT ALTERNATIVE TO A T-SHIRT. IT CHANGES YOUR WHOLE WARDROBE."

LOOSEN UP
"WEAR THE SHIRT UNBUTTONED, UNTUCKED, SOMETIMES WITH A SHIRT UNDERNEATH."

SHOW SOME SKIN
"A BARE NECK BRINGS SOFTNESS TO YOUR SILHOUETTE AND ADDS A BIT OF PAST ELEGANCE."

NO COLLAR, NO PROBLEM

An argument for the power of ADDITION by SUBTRACTION



With the Band
The collarless shirt and Cillian Murphy, both star players on the post–World War I British crime drama *Peaky Blinders*.

I do not take fashion risks. The boldest piece of clothing I wore last year was a pair of lighter-than-indigo jeans. So I questioned my judgment after buying a band-collar shirt. What kind of hooligan would wear this thing with buttons but no collar that looks like it flew off the assembly line early? Still, I wore it around the house for a day (practice builds confidence), and then I wore it to work. Turns out, it's easy to pull off anything that gets you so many compliments. This shirt is all over the place, but in a good way. It's both casual and formal—polished under a blazer, just as cool half-unbuttoned over a T-shirt. It's got an unplaceable, out-of-time romance to it, too. The design dates back to the 1800s (Richard Gere sported it in period gem *Days of Heaven*, and it's a fixture on *Peaky Blinders* today), but it's also become sartorial shorthand for futuristic minimalism in movies such as *A Clockwork Orange* (by this logic, it's the *Westworld* of men's wear).

That time-traveling quality could be the source of its appeal. Whatever the reason, every brand from Bonobos to Burberry is making band-collar shirts this season, which means I'm not the only convert. If wearing one feels like a risk to you, consider it a calculated one. —**J. R.**

photographs **Clément Pascal**

HOW I GOT MY STYLE

DAVID CASAVANT

Stylist and collector, 26, New York

The man behind the CASAVANT ARCHIVE, a collection of rare men's wear sought after by stylists, designers, and some guy named Kanye



Dior Homme hoodie, 2003



Right: Raf Simons varsity jacket, 2002. Below: Casavant wears his "grail piece"—a 2001 Raf Simons bomber—with Russell Athletics, Calvin Klein, and Vans.





Vintage U.S. military boots.



Gucci by Tom Ford Kama Sutra jacket, 2003

How he found his style: I usually wear Vans, Russell track pants and hoodies, and Calvin Klein. Then I'll throw on a Raf bomber. I look like I'm about to get on a treadmill. It comes from a type of rebellion. At fashion school, other people were in head to toe Comme des Garçons, and I wore workout clothes. Style is about either dressing for the occasion or purposefully showing that you're not dressing for the occasion. **His favorite designer:** Raf Simons is next level. He reappropriated things in such a smart way. His bomber jackets from around 2000, they're literally from a military surplus store. He sewed patches on them and sold them. This whole Vetements thing, he really did that first. **On collecting.** People told me I was wasting my money, but all my friends were borrowing clothes for shoots, and I started renting to stylists. When celebrities started borrowing from me, I realized I could make my money back. I only rent to people I know, or to celebrities I know will appreciate the pieces. It's not about money—I just don't want to be homeless with a ton of clothes. **The holy grail:** A 2001 Raf camo bomber with patches. Kanye borrowed it and wore it for ages. Now that it's been shot a million times, it's basically priceless. **Fashion regret:** I hated wearing a school uniform. I think it drove me to fashion. All these nasty teachers are telling you to tuck your shirt in. It's like, Jesus, can I just do my math homework? **Style icon:** Andy Warhol. He replicated his look so that it stuck with people. When you think *Warhol*, you think "these sunglasses, that leather jacket." That was how he made his art, too, through repetition. I like people who show their style in how they live.

> "Style is about either dressing for the occasion or purposefully showing that you're **not dreseing** for the occasion."

—As told to **Joe Roth**

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From top: Bags by **Dries Van Noten** ($950) by **Bottega Veneta** ($2,740) by **Tod's** ($2,845) by **Want les Essentiels** ($495).

• • • There are times when structure is required in a man's life. Studying for the bar? Absolutely. The weekend? No, thanks. And the last thing you want to do this summer is roll up to your beach chair with a wheelie bag that makes you look like some guy trying to rebook a canceled flight. That's why you need a big stuff-it bag. Because it's soft (not like a hard-frame wheelie), it bends to your will and expands to accommodate your hit-the-road needs. It fits all your clothes for the weekend, and also lets you jam in books and magazines, headphones, and a laptop. Use it as a canvas onto which you project the possibility of a few unplanned hours, or days...or even weeks. —*J. K.*

photograph **Clément Pascal**



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A FEW GOOD FINDS

There's a good reason MILITARY STYLE inspires so much of men's wear: It's handsome, hard-wearing stuff. NICK SULLIVAN EXPLAINS why he prefers to seek out the GENUINE ARTICLE (and how he does it).

You won't find me reenacting Gettysburg anytime soon, but I am a big fan of vintage military clothing. I like to mix functional old pieces—stuff with provenance—into my daily wardrobe. Not because they have a military association per se but because they were made to perform in extreme conditions, which means they hold up remarkably well decades after they've left active duty.

If you know what to look for, military clothes and civilian workwear are everywhere in men's fashion, even the stuff that sashays off the runway. There Continued >



1942 U.S. Navy foul-weather hoodie from Etsy, shirt ($98) by J. Crew, jeans by Fabric-Brand & Co., beanie ($45) by Filson.



THE TEST OF TIME

TOP LEFT, TWO U.S. NAVY SAILORS PHOTOGRAPHED ON ADAK ISLAND, ALASKA, 1943. ABOVE: THE SAME STYLE OF JACKET, AS PURCHASED (BUT NOT MODELED) BY NICK SULLIVAN. BARELY THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

CRACK THE CODE

Searching online? Knowing the military names helps you land the best gear.



URSULA SUIT
First made during World War II by Barbour for the crew of submarine *HMS Ursula*.



M42 AIRBORNE JUMP PANTS
One half of the U.S. Airborne's two-piece "jumpsuit."



M1909
Swedish army canvas and sheepskin coat originated in 1909.



M 43 TYPE III BOOTS
Heavy-duty derby boots as worn by Steve McQueen in *The Great Escape*.

Jon M. Kenny

photograph Clément Pascal



BANANA REPUBLIC

Continued> Isn't a designer alive who hasn't lifted—cough, paid homage to—uniforms from the past, so I don't see why I shouldn't cut out the middleman and go straight for the originals. It's a darn sight cheaper.

Sites like eBay and Etsy have been a huge asset to vintage-gear hounds like me. Online shopping may not be as exciting as diving into musty piles of old clothes, but it's much less exhausting. Where once I had to dig up pieces myself, now I just lie in wait until one pops up on my screen.

It can be a long wait, though, and you have to be very specific about what you're after, which is why code numbers help big time—and conveniently, code numbers are the norm for military wear. Search for "Swedish army coat" and you'll turn up all sorts of nonsense. But add "M1909," denoting the year the white sheepskin-lined snow coat was first designed for the Swedish army, and you're well on your way.

The code number NXss17659 appeared on a woven label still attached to the foul weather hoodie on the previous page. Thanks to that code and other nerds out there online, I learned it was part of a consignment made in fall 1942 and issued to U.S. Navy aircraft-carrier deck hands. I picked it up for a mere $42 on Etsy.

It will make a perfect waterproof shell for fly fishing, camping, or hiking. And if I don't get roped into anything that adventurous, I'll at least look ready for action. ■

UNDER THE RADAR

• • • Unless you're immersed in the world of vintage watches, you're probably not so familiar with Lemania. The brand started out as an ébauche manufacturer, making movements for other companies (like building the engine for someone else's car), and was best known for developing chronograph movements with Omega (it worked on the Speedmaster the watch that went to the moon). In the 1990s Lemania was subsumed under the Swatch Group, and today timepieces bearing its name are very rare. This 1950s chrono issued to Indian Air Force pilots is a prime example: beautiful, simple, and highly collectible. And the patina just adds to its charm.





Broad Arrow One Button Indian Air Force HS9 chronograph (up to $4,000) by Lemania; *timetitans.com*



AN IMPECCABLE VINTAGE
THIS TAILORED TAKE ON THE FIELD JACKET WAS MADE WITH UNUSED FABRIC DATING BACK DECADES

SHOP TALK

A NEW, OLD UNIFORM

• • • Milan's Eral 55 is a vintage store of expertly curated men's goods that include both inky Japanese denim and earthy Americana. But the real trove is owner Ermanno Lazzarin's capsule line. Made in small runs from decades-old deadstock fabric, the pieces favor a clean, unlined style, reflected in this military-inspired travel jacket. Can't get to Milan? Order online or visit Culver City's Magasin—the only U.S. shop that carries the line. *eral55.com, magasinthestore.com*

Jacket ($800) by **Sartoria Lazzarin**, available at Eral 55. Scarf ($255) by **Drake's**.

Look inside for details!

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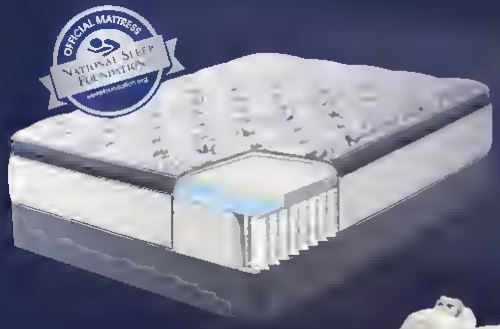
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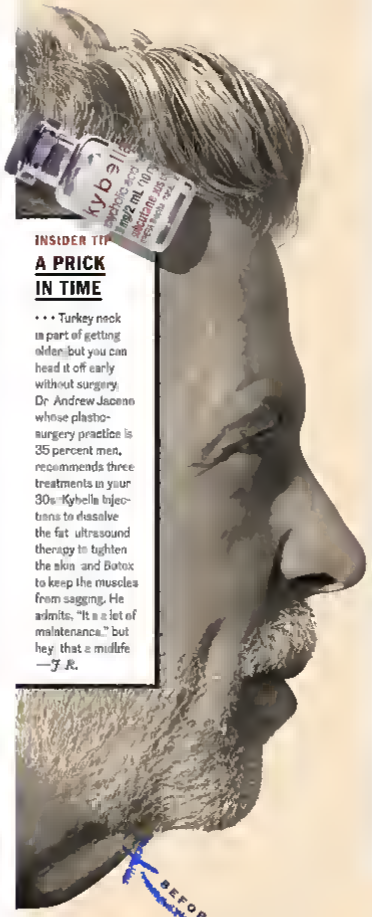
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5 common problems experienced while sleeping on a mattress

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CHIN UP!

More and more men are SAVING FACE and having SOME WORK DONE. Style guru NICK WOOSTER explains why he went UNDER THE KNIFE—and what he thinks of the results.





Last year, I decided to get a face-lift. It was a bit like playing Russian roulette, but it was also the best decision I've ever made.

Let's be specific—it wasn't really a face-lift. It was more like a neck lift. I had my turkey neck tightened and added a chin implant to strengthen my jaw. Just about everyone is quick to judge plastic surgery, especially on a man. We've all seen people who end up looking a little scary. My goal, then, was not to have people see me and squirm but to see me and ask about my vacation.

You have to shop around for a doctor. This isn't like finding a new dry cleaner—I needed someone I could trust taking a blade to my face. One surgeon kept talking about fixing my eyes, he was vetoed. Another had an employee who looked like a plastic surgery experiment—a hard no. Finally, a friend recommended Dr. Dan Baker, who is *the* face guy in New York City. I knew he was the one the moment I met him. A good doctor turns away more business than he takes, and Dr. Baker doesn't hesitate to tell people, "You're not ready yet." But he told me, "You will get an excellent result." Having that assurance helped, because none of this is a guarantee. Trust me, it is fucking scary.

Now that it's over, the thing that people tell me most is "You look really fresh." My goal was never to look younger—I've earned what I've got—but rather to look better. And that procedure was just one tool alongside diet, exercise, and supplements. At 56, you have to be proactive.

Some people will be disappointed in me, and that's okay. What I did is not for everyone. If your life doesn't revolve around having your picture taken, why would you subject yourself to this? But the reality is that I do make my living by having my picture taken. Yes, it was expensive. The whole thing cost about the same as a year at a very posh boarding school, but I think I got my money's worth. Now, when I'm brushing my teeth in the mirror, I think, *Hey, you look all right.*

—As told to **Julia Black**

INSIDER TIP

A PRICK IN TIME

• • • Turkey neck is part of getting older, but you can head it off early without surgery. Dr. Andrew Jacono, whose plastic-surgery practice is 35 percent men, recommends three treatments in your 30s: Kybella injections to dissolve the fat, ultrasound therapy to tighten the skin, and Botox to keep the muscles from sagging. He admits, "It's a lot of maintenance," but hey, that's midlife. —*J. R.*

THIS STORY MAKES NO SCENTS

The key to SMELLING GREAT? Use less fragrance. A LOT less.

You're going out tonight. You've showered and shaved, and you're looking your best. So you spray on some cologne—the finishing touch—and you smell like ... everything. Your bodywash, deodorant, aftershave, and every other overscented product have clashed in an olfactory mark. So much for a "signature scent."

Luckily, men's grooming is turning down the volume, producing unscented workhorses that won't undermine your cologne and are largely devoid of irritating filler ingredients. They simply keep your skin clean and hydrated, and prevent it from smelling like teen spirit. Here, five products that will keep the peace in your medicine cabinet.

—Michael Stefanov



1. MenScience's Advanced deodorant won't prevent wet armpits (they're natural), but it will tackle odors that leave you smelling like an old sock. Pfeirithes people. $19, menscience.com

2. Kiehl's Ultra facial cleanser is extra gentle, nourishing (courtesy of vitamin E and avocado) and good for all skin types. A smart alternative to scented versions, which can irritate your skin (and why buy a scented one, anyway?). $20, kiehls.com

3. The Art of Shaving's unscented body soap cleanses with rosemary and palm oil, without leaving behind any overpowering scent. Because there's a fine line between smelling clean and smelling like detergent. $18, theartofshaving.com

4. Lab Series's Daily Moisture Defense lotion protects your face from the elements—and that includes the extraterrestrial. SPF 15 safeguards you from the sun's rays. $48, labseries.com

5. Clinique for Men's Post-Shave Soother takes the punishment out of shaving with aloe vera, which tempers inflamed skin. You'll feel refreshed, and you won't smell like truck-stop aftershave. $20, clinique.com

INSIDER TIP

AN APP THAT CUTS THE CRAP

••• What you don't know about the ingredients in your products might make your skin crawl. Since they aren't regulated by the FDA, they can contain a lot of risky stuff: carcinogens, virility-reducing toxins, and run-of-the-mill allergens that can still cause a nasty rash. The **Think Dirty** app gives you peace of mind: vetting products before you purchase them. A barcode scan identifies potentially harmful ingredients and rates items on a one to ten scale (aim for a three or less). You already care about what you put *in* your body—now think about what you're putting *on* it.

photograph Clément Pascal



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My BIG Foot

IT'S THE "MALADY OF KINGS," AN AFFLICTION STRAIGHT OUT OF THE 16TH CENTURY. THE SCOURGE OF MEN WHO OVERINDULGE. OUR WRITER'S BATTLE WITH GOUT. (THAT'S RIGHT—GOUT!)

Not so long ago, when I was in my mid thirties and employed in Manhattan, I had an after-work ritual. Two or three nights a week, before boarding a train at Grand Central to my house in the exurbs, I'd stop at Jimmy's Corner, a boxing bar, for a martini and a beer. The bartender, Mike, had studied with the novelist John Gardner and had good stories on tap. Next, I'd sneak into Grand Central Oyster Bar for a dozen briny Cotuits or Malpeques. When I got home, my wife was invariably working on recipes for her first cookbook, which was about steak. I was eating large.

Gin, beer, oysters, steak. These are a few of my favorite things, the four horsemen of the four essential food groups—spicy, crispy, salty, and fatty. But together they're a toxic culinary brew for someone genetically predisposed as I am—though, poignantly, I did not know it at the time—to the physical and moral blight known as gout. What's gout? Medically, it's easy to describe. It's a form of inflammatory arthritis. When your blood has elevated uric acid levels, caused by diet or genetics, that acid will form crystals that make a beeline for your joints, usually your big toe, as if they were ninja throwing stars. Once lodged in the most unpleasant manner possible, they settle in for a long and demented siege.

What's not easy to describe is the pain gout inflicts. I remember my first attack as if it were just fifteen minutes ago rather than fifteen years. It was 3:00 A.M. (Gout usually slips in like a thief in the night.) I'd gone to sleep after a version of the dining ritual detailed above. I awoke, to paraphrase the first sentence of Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*, to a screaming coming across my sky. The big toe on my right foot was cherry red and as swollen as a clown's nose. It felt as if someone had taken a flat nail and driven it, like a Vulcan, through the toe's midpoint. If a small puff of wind blew over this toe or a sheet so much as grazed it, it was as if a gang of droogs had commandeered Hannibal's elephants and had them each step on that nail, one at a time. I woke small children and large pets with my bowls. I whimpered like a baby.

Manymen—gout afflicts mostly men, though women are not immune to its ravages—have tried to describe the pain of gout. Nathaniel Hawthorne likened it to being thumbscrewed, except on yonder toe. The writer William Golding (*Lord of the Flies*) said it felt like something "out of Charles Addams," the *New Yorker* cartoonist who satirized sinister things. My favorite writing on gout's exquisite torments is from the novelist and gourmand Jim Harrison, who equated it to being shot in the toe by someone using a silencer. It's the kind of agony, he wrote, "where you limp toward the bathroom calling out for pets that died in your youth."

The funny thing about gout is it's not that uncommon. And skinny people can get it, too. More than 8 million people in the United States suffer from gout. There's some solace to be had in the fact that so many geniuses have felt its pinch, from Galileo and da Vinci to Karl Marx, Thomas Jefferson, Mark Twain, Joseph Conrad, and Henry James. Benjamin Franklin wrote a dialogue with his gout, during which all he could sometimes utter was "Eh! Oh! Eh!" When *New York Times* op-ed columnist Frank Bruni was the paper's restaurant critic, he described his battle with the disease. This might be the place to add that some scientists believe the Tyrannosaurus rex specimen known as Sue had gout. I feel for you, Sue.

It takes a certain amount of courage to out oneself as a member of what my friend the novelist Geoff Nicholson has called "the gout community." Gout is, by reputation, something that afflicts fatties and rich men, Tories and Republicans, country club buffoons in double wide khakis. (Dick Cheney, gout man.) It has been called "the disease of kings and the king of diseases." It's a throwback, seemingly belonging to the Middle Ages, if not Tolkien's Middle-earth. In his *Devil's Dictionary*, Ambrose Bierce defined gout as "a physician's name for the rheumatism of a rich patient." These are some of the perspectives on gout, at any rate. People rarely feel sorry for you when you have it; instead, they stifle chuckles. *Surely you've brought this on yourself.*

Reader, I did bring it on myself. In part, I have my father to thank for this joker in the pack of my genetic burden; he's a sufferer, too. But I'm a big eater and have never been possessed of either an El Greco thinness or a strong impulse to exercise. The list of foods that gout experts advise you to avoid, because they're high in the purines that can raise uric-acid levels, sounds like my idea of a perfect week of dinners: anchovies, trout, bacon, veal, asparagus, kidneys, lentils, haddock, goose, scallops, brains, pheasant, crab, duck, eel, tongue, oysters, tripe, and alcohol of most forms. Deep down, I'm more of an on the edge eater (offal, crustaceans, bivalves) than a steak man, and gout, as did Mao, punishes the curious. When my attacks occurred, about every nine months or so and always at the worst possible moment, I knew I was guilty of a foodie version of what the writer Eve Babitz has termed "squalid overboogie."

These days, my gout is more or less gone. I've been attack-free for three years. For this, I can thank a wonder pill, allopurinol, which I take daily. I put off going on allopurinol for a long time. For one thing, you should always think hard about going on any daily medication. For another, I feared that the glories of allopurinol would prevent me from making lifestyle changes I surely needed to make anyway. But when I take it, at least I am no longer stumbling into grimy walk-in medical clinics at midnight, begging doctors with tattooed knuckles for cortisone shots.

Gout had one last horror in store for me. When I first began to take allopurinol, I neglected to note the warning that the drug can bring darkness before dawn, meaning it often makes gout worse before things get better. A few days after starting the pills, I had a nuclear-level attack. I wept. I rent my sheets and garments. I Googled self-amputation techniques. I cursed fate and oysters. My wife took to sleeping in the attic. I'd recently had a conversation with my teenage daughter, Harriet, who'd been reading *Bossypants*, Tina Fey's memoir. In one anecdote, Fey talks about a male boss of hers who frequently peed in jars because he was too lazy to walk to the bathroom. He kept the jars around his office. "Is this something men do?" Harriet asked me. I shook my head. "I've never peed in a jar," I said. "I don't know of any men, with the exception of truck drivers, who pee in jars." During my final gout attack, the worst of my life, I peed in jars. Snapple bottles—Diet Cranberry, my favorite—to be exact. Over the four days that I couldn't hobble from bed, these bottles gathered in a humiliating little cluster next to my nightstand, like votive candles of the especially damned. To this day, my children, those awesome but cruel little fuckers, love to razz me about them.

"There are times when only a sick man knows how warm and bright the rest of the world is," Aravind Adiga writes in his excellent new novel, *Selection Day*. For this lesson, gout, my nemesis, I thank you. ■

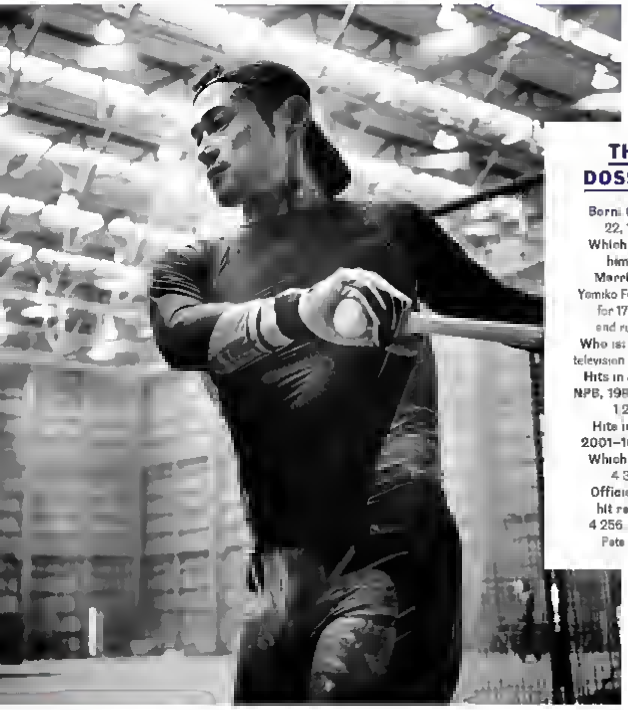
THE FULL MONTY

The unforgettable Mr Creosote from Monty Python's The Meaning of Life *(1983), before encountering his "wafer thin" Waterloo*



Ichiro SUZUKI

AT AN AGE WHEN STAR ATHLETES EMBARRASS THEMSELVES TRYING TO STAY AT THE CENTER OF THE GAME, THE JAPANESE M.V.P. HAS DONE SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY: BY TAKING A BACKSEAT, HE'S REMAINED VITAL. *By Alex Belth*



When Ichiro Suzuki rapped his three-thousandth hit last year—a remarkable feat considering he didn't play in the United States until he was twenty-seven—he might well have bowed out of the game. The greatest Japanese import in the major leagues had guaranteed his spot in the Hall of Fame and earned the respect of his peers and the adoration of his fans. All he had to do was say goodbye.

Instead we find Ichiro, at age forty-three, getting ready for his seventeenth stateside season, now with the Miami Marlins. His longevity is notable thanks to what most iconic athletes are unwilling or unable to do. He set his ego aside, ceding the star role to become a supporting player. Unlike Kobe Bryant, who didn't know when to quit, or Derek Jeter, who walked away because he couldn't be anything less than a starter, Ichiro has not just avoided embarrassment by transitioning to a part-time position; he has remained relevant.

Of course, nothing about Ichiro has ever been ordinary. Baseball is made up of routine and repetition, and he is a monk of the sport; his pregame regimen of stretching and exercise never deviates. He works out on a set of custom-built machines designed to keep him limber. He's been at it forever. At seven, he was taking almost 500 swings each day. He perfected his unorthodox hitting style after he was drafted out of high school by the Orix Blue Wave, and spent nine seasons as one of Japan's biggest stars.

When he crossed the Pacific to join the Seattle Mariners in 2001, Ichiro immediately stood out. He eschewed the home run for the base hit. He singled his way to greatness, collecting more than two hundred hits in each of his first ten seasons, including an MLB-record 262 in 2004.

What draws us to Ichiro is what rakish former Esquire columnist George Frazier, inspired by Federico García Lorca, fancied as an athlete's *duende*, a synergistic combination of charisma, aptitude, and panache. Ichiro is sleek and lithe, his ascetic face framed by wraparound shades. His gloves are handmade, his bats rest in a humidor, and the nonchalant way he glides on the field is imbued with a sense of efficiency and purpose.

"He's just cool," says Marlins manager Don Mattingly. "Watch him catch a fly ball or throw the ball in—there's a unique flair in everything he does."

Conventional wisdom states that players peak in their mid- to late twenties, but Ichiro has put his faith in a new math. As he told *The Wall Street Journal* in 2015, "I believe that humans use their experiences to mature professionally as they enter their forties." If he has his way, Ichiro will be hitting the diamond when he's fifty. With his ability to adapt better and train harder than men half his age, we're inclined to believe him. ■

THE DOSSIER

Born: October 22, 1973
Which makes him: 43
Married to: Yoriko Fukushima for 17 years and running
Who is: A former television announcer.
Hits in Japan's NPB, 1982–2000: 1,278
Hits in MLB, 2001–16: 3,030
Which totals: 4,308
Official MLB hit record: 4,256, held by Pete Rose

photograph **Hiroshi Murayama**

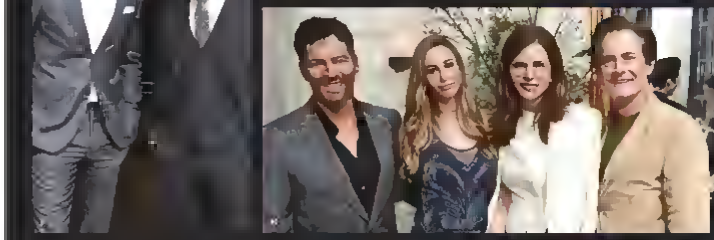


BY INVITATION ONLY

ESQUIRE AND SALVATORE FERRAGAMO 'STYLE MAVERICKS'

Esquire celebrated the 2016 Style Mavericks of the Year—the men who look great while breaking all the rules—with an intimate dinner at Le Coucou in New York City, in partnership with Salvatore Ferragamo.







A, Michael Heiney, Nousheen Shah; B, Paul Sevigny, Jay Fielden, André Saraiva, Max Vadukul; C, Rafael de Cárdenas, Zachary Quinn; D, Rose Gilroy, Meredith Melling; E, Samantha Gladovitch, Sean O'Pry; F, Ben Barnes, Christian Coulson; G, Jay Fielden, Chef Daniel Rose, James Ferragamo, Jack Essig; H, Harry Connick Jr., Georgia Connick, Rosiree Gruber, Kyle MacLachlan; I, Dan Reekwood, Robbie Rogers

big dog



Polo shirt by **Hermès**; trousers by **Closed.**

BY
Maximillian
POTTER

HIS SUCCESS AS **CAPTAIN AMERICA** HAS MADE **CHRIS EVANS** ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S SURE THINGS. **SO WHY DOES HE** WANT TO **JUMP OUT OF A PLANE?**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
Mark
SEGAL



Sweatshirt, **T by Alexander Wang.**

the

Canadian commandos are the

first to jump. Our plane reaches an altitude of about eight thousand feet, the back door opens. Although it's a warm winter day below in rural southern California, up here, not so much. In whooshes freezing air and the cold reality that this is actually happening. Out drop the eight commandos, all in black-and-red camouflage, one after the other. For them it's a training exercise, and Jesus, these crazy bastards are stoked. The last Canuck to exit into the nothingness is a freakishly tall stud with a crew cut and a handlebar mustache; just before he leaps, he flashes a smile our way. *Yeah, yeah, we get it: You're a badass.*

Moments later, the plane's at ten thousand feet, and the next to go are a Middle Eastern couple in their late thirties. These two can't wait. They are ecstatic. Skydiving is clearly a thing for them. *Why?* I can't help thinking. *Is it like foreplay? Do they rush off to the car after landing and get it on in the parking lot?* They give us the thumbs-up and they're gone.

Just like that, we're at 12,500 feet and it's our turn. Me and Chris Evans, recognized throughout the universe as the star of the Marvel-comic-book-inspired Captain America and Avengers movies. The five films in the series, which began in 2011 with *Captain America: The First Avenger*, have grossed more than $4 billion.

The two of us, plus four crew members, are the only ones left in the back of the plane. Over the loud drone of the twin propellers, one of the crew members shouts, "Okay, who's going first?"

Evans and I are seated on benches opposite each other. Neither of us answers. I look at him; he looks at me. I feel like I've swallowed a live rat. Evans is over there, all Captain America cool, smiling away.

While we were waiting to board the plane, Evans told me that as he lay in bed the night before, "I started exploring the sensation of 'What if the chute doesn't open?' […]"

Oh, did you now?

"[…] Those last minutes where you *know*," As in you know you're going to fatally splat. "You're not gonna pass out; you're gonna be wide awake. So what? Do I close my eyes? Hopefully, it would be quick. Lights out. I fucking hope it would be quick. And then I was like, if you're gonna do it, let's just pretend there is no way this is going to go wrong. Just really embrace it and jump out of that plane with gusto!" Evans also shared that he'd looked up the rate of skydiving fatalities. "It's, like, 0.006 fatalities per one thousand jumps. So I figure our odds are pretty good."

Again the crew member shouts, "Who's going first?"

Again I look at Evans, again he looks at me. The rat is running circles in my belly.

I look at Evans, he looks at me.

Another crew member asks, "So whose idea was this, anyway?"

that's

an excellent question.

I ask Evans the same thing when we first meet, the evening before our jump, at his house. He lives atop the Hollywood Hills, in a modern contemporary ranch in the center of a Japanese-style garden. The place has the vibe of an L.A. meditation retreat—there's even a little Buddha statue on the front step.

The dude who opens the front door is in jeans, a T-shirt, and Nikes; he has on a black ball cap with the NASA logo, and his beard is substantial enough that for a second it's hard to be sure this is the same guy who plays the baby-faced superhero. Our handshake in the doorway is interrupted when his dog rockets toward my crotch. Evans is sorry about that.

We do the small talk thing. Evans is from a suburb of Boston, one of four kids raised by Dad, a dentist, and Mom, who ran a community theater. The point is, he's a Patriots fan, and with Super Bowl LI, between the Pats and the Falcons, just a few days away at the time, it's about the only thing on his mind. You bet your Sam Adams–guzzling ass he's going to the game in Houston. "Oh my God," he says, doing a little dance. "I can't believe it's this weekend."

Evans won't be rolling to SB LI with a posse of Beantown-to-Hollywood A-listers like Mark Wahlberg, Matt Damon, and Ben Affleck. For the record, he's never met Damon, and his only interaction with Wahlberg was a couple years ago at a Patriots event. Evans has, however, humiliated himself in front of Affleck.

Around 2006, Evans met with Affleck to talk about *Gone Baby Gone*, which Affleck was directing. Evans was walking down a hallway, looking for the room where they were supposed to meet. Walking by an open office, he heard Affleck, in that thick Boston accent of his, shout, "There he is!" (Evans does a perfect Affleck impersonation.)

By then, Evans had hit the big time for his turn as the Human Torch, Johnny Storm, in 2005's *Fantastic Four*, but he still got star-struck. As he tells it, "First thing I say to him: 'Am I going to be okay where I parked?' He was like, 'Where did you park?' I said, 'At a meter.' And he was like, 'Did you put money in the meter?' And I said, 'Yep.' And he says, 'Well, I think you'll be okay.' I was like, this is off to a great fucking start." Stating the obvious here: Evans did not get the part.

No, Evans will be heading to the Super Bowl with his brother and three of his closest buddies. Like any self-respecting Pats fan, Evans is super-wicked pissed at NFL commissioner Roger Goodell for imposing that suspension on Tom Brady for Deflategate. Grabbing two beers from a fridge that's otherwise basically empty, Evans says, "I just want to see Goodell hand the trophy to Brady. Goodell. Piece of shit."

In Evans's living room, there's not a single hint of his Captain Americaness. Earth tones, tables that appear to be made of reclaimed wood. Open. Uncluttered. Glass doors open onto a backyard with a stunning view of the Hills. Evans stretches out on one of two couches. I take the other and ask, "Just whose idea was it to jump?" Since we both know whose idea it wasn't, we both know that what I'm really asking is *Why? Why, dude, do you want to jump (with me) from a goddamn airplane?* "Yeah," he says, popping open his beer, "I don't know what I was thinking."



Taking the leap: Chris Ev—*sccccccchhhh*—ns. February 2017.

Settling in on the couch, he groans. Evans explains that he's hurting all over because he just started his workout routine the day before to get in shape for the next two Captain America films. The movies will be shot back to back beginning in April. After that, no more red-white-and-blue costume for the thirty-five-year-old. He will have fulfilled his contract.

Back in 2010, Marvel presented Evans with a nine-picture deal. He insisted he'd sign on for no more than six. Some family members thought he was nuts to dial back such a secure and lucrative gig. Evans saw it differently.

It takes five months to shoot a Marvel movie, and when you tack on the promotional obligations for each one, well, shit, man. Evans knew that for as long as he was bound to Captain America, he would have little time to take on other projects. He wanted to direct, he wanted to play other characters—roles that were more human—like the lead in *Gifted*, which will hit theaters this month. The script had brought him to tears. Evans

managed to squeeze the movie in between Captain America and Avengers films.

In *Gifted*, Evans stars as Frank Adler. You don't get much more human than Adler, a grease-under-his-nails boat engine mechanic living the bachelor life in Florida. After a series of tragic circumstances, Adler becomes a surrogate father to his niece, Mary, a first-grader with the IQ of Einstein. He recognizes that Mary is a little genius, and he does his best to prevent anyone else from noticing. Given the aforementioned circumstances, Adler has witnessed what can happen when a kid with a brilliant mind is pushed too hard too quickly. Then along comes Mary's teacher. She discovers the child's gift, and a *Kramer vs. Kramer*–esque drama ensues.

During a moment in the film when things aren't going Adler's way, he sarcastically refers to himself as a "fucking hero." Evans says the line didn't lead him to make comparisons between superhero Steve Rogers (aka Captain America) and Everyman hero Frank Adler. But now that you mention it—

"With Steve Rogers," Evans says, "even though you're on a giant movie with a huge budget and strange costumes, you're still on a hunt for the truth of the character." That said, "with Adler, it's nice to play someone relatable. I think Julianne Moore said, 'The audience doesn't come to see you, they come to see themselves.' Adler is someone you can hold up as a mirror for someone in the audience. They'll be able to far more easily identify with Frank Adler than Steve Rogers."

dodger.

That's the name of Evans's dog, the one who headbutted my nuts and has since done a marvelous job of making amends by nuzzling against me on the couch. Evans got him while he was filming *Gifted*, one of the last scenes was shot in an animal shelter in Georgia. Evans had wanted a dog ever since his last pooch died in 2012. Then he found himself walking the aisles of this pound, and there was this mixed-breed boxer, wagging his tail and looking like he belonged with Evans.

Dodger is not exactly a name you'd think a die-hard Boston sports fan would pick. His boys from back home have given him a ton of shit over it. But he has not abandoned his Red Sox for the L.A. team. As a kid, he loved the Disney animated movie *Oliver & Company*, and his favorite character was Dodger. Anticipating the grief he was going to get from his pals, Evans considered other names. "You could name your dog Doorknob," he says, "and in a month he's fucking Doorknob." Evans's mom convinced him to go with his gut.

Right around when Evans was wrapping *Gifted* and heading back to L.A. with Dodger, the 2016 presidential campaign was still in that phase when no one, including the actor—a Hillary Clinton supporter—thought Trump had a shot. He still can't believe Trump won.

"I feel rage," he says. "I feel fury. It's unbelievable. People were just so desperate to hear someone say that someone is to blame. They were just so happy to hear that someone was angry. Hear someone say that Washington sucks. They just want something new without actually understanding. I mean, guys like Steve Bannon—Steve Bannon!—this man has no place in politics."

Evans has made, and continues to make, his political views known on Twitter. He tweeted that Trump ought to "stop energizing lies," and he recently ended up in a heated Twitter debate with former KKK leader David Duke over Trump's pick of Jeff Sessions for attorney general. Duke baselessly accused Evans of being anti-Semitic. Evans encouraged Duke to try love. "It's stronger than hate. It unites us. I promise it's in you under the anger and fear." Making political statements and engaging in such public exchanges is a rather risky thing for the star of *Captain America* to do. Yes, advisors have said as much to him. "Look, I'm in a business where you've got to sell tickets," he says. "But, my God, I would not be able to look at myself in the mirror if I felt strongly about something and didn't speak up. I think it's about how you speak up. We're allowed to disagree. If I state my case and people don't want to go see my movies as a result, I'm okay with that."

"I WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO LOOK AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR IF I FELT STRONGLY ABOUT SOMETHING AND DIDN'T SPEAK UP."

Trump. Bannon. Politics. Now Evans is animated. He gets off the couch, walks out onto his porch, and lights a cigarette. "Some people say, 'Don't you see what's happening? It's time to yell,'" Evans says. "Yeah, I see it, and it's time for calm. Because not everyone who voted for Trump is going to be some horrible bigot. There are a lot of people in that middle, those are the people you can't lose your credibility with. If you're trying to change minds, by spewing too much rhetoric you can easily become white noise."

evans

has a pretty remarkable "How I got to Hollywood" story.

During his junior year of high school, he knew he wanted to act. He was doing it a lot. In school. At his mom's theater. He loved it. "When you're doing a play at thirteen years old and have opening night? None of my friends had opening nights. 'I can't have a sleepover, guys, I have an opening night tonight.'"

That same year, he did a two-man play. For all of the twenty plus plays Evans had done up to that point, preparation meant going home, memorizing lines, and doing a few run throughs with the cast. However, for this play, *Fallen Star*, he and his costar would rehearse by running dialogue with each other. Hour upon hour, night after night.

Fallen Star is about two friends, one of whom has just died. As the play opens, one of the characters comes home after the funeral to find his dead friend's ghost. Evans was the ghost. Waiting backstage on opening night, he knew he didn't have every line memorized, but he had the essence and emotion of the play down. Onstage, he remembers, "I was saying the lines not because they were memorized but because the play was in me. I was believing what I was saying."

He was hooked. He wanted to do more of this kind of acting—real acting. He wanted to do films, in which the camera was right on him and he could just be the character, rather than theater, in which an actor must perform to the back of the room.

A family friend who was a television actor advised Evans that if he wanted to go to Hollywood, he needed an agent. Toward the end of his junior year, he had a ballsy request for his parents: If he found an internship with a casting agent in New York City, would they allow him to live there and cover the rent? They agreed. Evans landed a gig with Bonnie Finnegan, who was then working on the television show *Spin City*.

Evans chose to intern with a casting agent because he figured he had more of a chance to interact with other agents trying to get auditions for their clients.

The kid was sixteen years old.

Finnegan put Evans on the phone; his responsibilities included setting up appointments for auditions. By the end of the summer, he picked the three agents he had the best rapport with and asked each of them to give him a five-minute audition. All three said yes. After seeing his audition, all three were interested.

Evans went with the one Finnegan recommended, Bret Adams, who told Evans to return to New York for auditions in January, television pilot season. Back home, Evans doubled up on a few classes the first semester of his senior year, graduated early, and went



back to New York in January. He got the same shithole apartment in Brooklyn and the same internship with Fmnegan. He landed a part on the pilot *Opposite Sex*. Even better, the show got picked up and would start shooting in L.A. that fall.

"I know I'm going to L.A. in August," Evans says, recalling that period. "So I go home and that spring I would wake up around noon, saunter into high school just to see my buddies, and we'd go get high in the parking lot. I just fucked off. I lost my virginity that year. 1999 was one of the best years of my life." Until it wasn't.

He wasn't in L.A. for even a month when he got a call from home. His parents were divorcing. Evans never saw it coming.

Family and love and the struggles therein are part of what attracted Evans to *Gifted*.

"In my own life, I have a deep connection with my family and the value of those bonds," he says. "I've always loved stories about people who put their families before themselves. It's such a noble endeavor. You can't choose your family, as opposed to friends. Especially in L.A. You really get to see how friendships are put to the test; it stirs everyone's egos. But if something goes south with a friend, you have the option to say we're not friends anymore. Your family—that's your family. Trying to make that system work and trying to make it not just functional but actually enjoyable is a really challenging endeavor, and that's certainly how it is with my family."

YOU MAY BE WONDERING HOW THE STAR OF A BILLION-DOLLAR FRANCHISE WITH TWO PICTURES TO SHOOT GETS CLEARANCE TO JUMP FROM A PLANE. SO AM I.

in the plane, a decision is made.

"I want to see you jump first," Evans shouts my way.

Of course he does.

Like any respectable and legal skydiving center, Skydive Perris, which is providing us with this "experience," doesn't just strap a chute on your back. First, you go to a room for a period of instruction. Then you go to another room, where you sign away your rights.

You may be wondering how the star of a billion dollar franchise with two pictures to shoot gets clearance to jump from an airplane—never mind the low rate of fatalities, as Evans has presented it. So am I.

"Well, they give you all these crazy insurance policies, but even if I die, what are they going to do? Sue my family? They'd probably cast some new guy at a cheaper price and save some money."

Thinking the answer is almost certainly going to be *no*, I ask Evans if he's ever gone skydiving before. Turns out he has, with an ex-girlfriend. Turns out that ex-girlfriend is now married to Justin Timberlake. Evans and Jessica Biel dated off and on from 2001 to 2006. They took the leap together when Biel hatched the idea for one Valentine's Day. According to media accounts, Evans was recently dating his *Gifted* costar Jenny Slate, who plays the teacher. "Yeah," he says, "but I'm steering clear of those questions." You can almost feel his heart pinch.

We end up broadly discussing the unique challenges an international star like Evans faces when it comes to dating, specifically the trust factor. Evans supposes that's why so many actors date other actors: "There's a certain shared life experience that is tough for someone else who's not in this industry to kind of wrap their head around," he says. "Letting someone go to work with someone for three months and they won't see them. It really, it certainly puts the relationship to the test."

In *Gifted*, there's a moment when Slate's character asks Adler what his greatest fear is. Frank Adler's greatest fear is that he'll ruin his niece's life. Evans's greatest fear is having regrets.

"Like always kind of wanting to be *there* as opposed to *here*, I think I'm worried all of a sudden I'll get old and have regrets, realize that I've not cultivated enough of an appreciation for the now and surrendering to the present moment."

Evans's musings have something to do with the fact that he has been reading *The Surrender Experiment*. "It's about the basic notion that we are only in a good mood when things are going our way," he says. "The truth is, life is going to unfold as it's going to unfold regardless of your input. If you are an active participant in that awareness, life kind of washes over you, good or bad. You kind of become Teflon a little bit to the struggles that we self-inflict."

He continues: "Our conscious minds are very spread out. We worry about the past. We worry about the future. We label. And all of that stuff just makes us very separate. What I'm trying to do is just quiet it down. Put that brain down from time to time and hope those periods of quiet and stillness get longer. When you do that, what rises from the mist is a kind of surrendering. You're more connected as opposed to being separate. A lot of the questions about destiny or fate or purpose or any of that stuff—it's not like you get answers. You just realize you didn't need the questions."

This here—this stuff about surrendering, letting life unfold, taking the leap—this is why he wanted to go skydiving. It's why that sixteen-year-old took the leap and did the summer in New York, it's why he took the leap and turned down the nine picture deal, it's why he got Dodger. Surrender. Take the leap.

And so I go first.

Oh, one important detail. Novice jumpers like Evans and me, we don't jump solo. Thank God. Each of us is doing a tandem jump. Each of us is strapped with our back to a professional jumper's front. I'm strapped to a forty-four-year-old dude named Paul. Considering what's about to happen, I figure I should know a little something about Paul. He tells me he used to own a bar in Chicago. Evans is strapped to a young woman named Sam, who looks to be twenty something. She's got a purplish pink streak in her black hair and says things like "badass." In fact, Sam introduced herself by saying, "I'm Sam, but you can call me Badass."

At the plane's open door, my mind goes to my wife and two teenage sons, to those I love, and to the texts I just sent in case my chute falls. Then Paul and I—well, really mostly Paul—rock gently back and forth to build momentum to push away from the plane, to push away from all that seems sane.

Three.

Two.

One.

Holy fuck.

HOLY FUCK. This is what I scream as we free fall from 12,500 feet, at more than a hundred miles an hour, toward the earth. Which I cannot take my eyes off of. I think about nothing. Not living. Not dying. Nothing. I simply feel. I have let go.

Suddenly, it all stops. I'm jerked up. Paul has pulled the chute, and it does indeed open. This is fantastic, because it means we have a much better chance of not dying. But it's also kind of a bummer. I had let go. Of everything. I had chosen to play those odds Evans had talked about. I had embraced jumping and letting life unfold.

Now I had been jerked back. I would land. Back on the earth I had been so high above and from which I had been so far removed. Back in all of it.

Once I'm on the ground, safe and in one piece, a staffer runs over and asks how I feel. I say, "I feel like Captain America."

The staffer runs over and asks Evans the same question. He says he feels great. Then he's asked another question: What was your favorite part?

"Jumping out," he says. "Jumping out is always a real thrill." ■



Shirt by **Unis**; jeans by **Tom Ford**.



© The Helmut Newton Estate/Maconochie Photography

WHAT DOES SHE SEE IN THAT GUY?

In a world of Tom and Gisele, where the cheerleader always seems to go for the QB, seeing successful, strong, stunning women choose a partner without Ken-doll looks gives every guy hope. HEATHER HAVRILESKY *reveals why many women find the unconventionally handsome man—or sometimes the average Joe—the best catch of all*

Beautiful people fall in love every day. They spot each other in a fetid swamp of lumpy mortals and think, *I'm hot, you're hot, it is on.* They'll tell their equally attractive kids heartwarming stories about "love at first sight," but such pairings are about as compelling as a casting agent's daily grind. Brangelina, the Bennifers, the Hiddleswifts, the Teigen-Legends. We get it. All of your charming tales about having so much in common ("He *also* loves puppies! Oxygen, too!") don't fool us. We've got eyes. When you're both supernaturally fine, your personal brands are *meant* to be together.

Far more intriguing are couples who aren't a perfect match lookswise. Suddenly, there's a riddle to solve. What the hell is *she* doing with *him*? (And vice versa, of course. But this being an aspirational magazine for men, let's stuck to the former.) The mystery intensifies when the lady in question is not only gorgeous but also smart, funny, and wildly successful, and the guy in question is a scruffy looking dude with a dad bod, a nonexistent career, and a bad habit of showing up to red carpet events looking like he just got off a fifteen-hour flight from Mongolia.

Before we dive into my General Theory of Relative Attractiveness, let's review the (*very* generalized) facts. There are unquestionably more beautiful women in the world than there are handsome men. Women are criticized for having the audacity to exist past the age of forty, but contrary to popular belief, men are the ones who really go to seed as the years tick by. In order to examine the gender/looks gap firsthand, just find your nearest gaggle of middle-aged humans. The ladies all look like they've just rubbed fancy emulsions into their crow's feet after having jogged ten miles to the chia-seed buffet (because they probably did). The guys mostly look like Gary Busey after a three day doughnut and-bourbon bender.

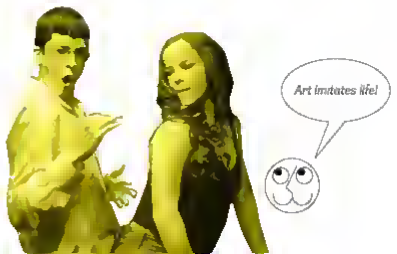
Plus, women learn from their mistakes. Like many of us—on every point along the gender spectrum—I spent my formative years experimenting with just how much stupidity, selfishness, and humorlessness I could tolerate for the sake of dating hotties. But I quickly gleaned that life spent in the company of a self-serving simpleton is no life at all. Substance, it turned out, was not overrated.

Yes, we started out shallow, now we're here: As women mature, we rarely see our partner's appearance as a measure of our own value, in stark contrast to those men who try to distract us from their deep-seated insecurities by dragging an extra-shiny, much hotter lady friend around with them like an overpriced designer handbag. (Timely case in point: our newish president, whose ego is more fragile than a Ming vase and whose looks are ten thousand leagues under Melania's sea.)

At a time when women look better, value appearance less, and don't feel the need to prop up their sense of self-worth with arm candy as men do, perhaps it's only natural to encounter mismatched-looking couples roaming about, openly challenging Darwin's views of sexual selection. But does that fully explain why goddess Serena Williams insists on keeping company with pasty boy muffin Alexis Ohanian? Does it help us

The ur couple. Swinging Londoner Jane Birkin and bulldog jowled crooner Serge Gainsbourg in 1976

PHOTOGRAPH BY HELMUT NEWTON



grasp the alignment of clever beauty J.K. Rowling and nerdlet physician Neil Murray? (Maybe he studied enchantment spells in med school.)

As unseemly as it may be to admit, when you survey the swath of famous women dating or married to average men, speculation about what's going on behind closed doors becomes unavoidable. If you're capable of charming the pants off any living mortal on the face of the planet—a target demographic that theoretically includes Ryan Gosling and Idris Elba—why go for a wispy looking chump with no disposable income and Fritos crumbs stuck in his beard? Are high-quality, superfine, megasuccessful men so rare that superlative women are forced to settle? Do smoking-hot women, having been subjected to decades of douche bros pointing out their smoking hotness every few milliseconds, naturally embrace nonhotness as a means of subverting the dominant paradigm, à la Julia Roberts and Lyle Lovett? Or do women really care *that* much less about looks than men do?

Here's my favorite theory. These high-profile, extra-intelligent ladies have uncovered a treasure trove of sneakily sexy beasts with extraordinary listening skills, excellent oral dexterity, and a commitment to feminist principles. Such men don't mind being outshined and upstaged—or even led!—by strong, capable women. Better yet, perhaps there's a supersecret cabal of superior women who recognize that the only way to topple the patriarchy is by recruiting an army of loyal, less-than babelicious men whose dedication to egalitarian values is self-evident. Their mission: to find and celebrate more guys like them so as to reorient a world teetering on the brink of destruction at the hands of our easily threatened, ego-driven maniac-in-chief.

If I stare at the nerf herders to your right long enough, until my eyes water and my vision blurs, they start to look subtly, subversively attractive. Here are the true faces of hotness.

1 J.K. ROWLING + NEIL MURRAY

Her: Author of the Harry Potter series; first billionaire whose wealth came mostly from writing. **Him:** Anesthesiologist who looks like your freshman-year roommate with the thinning hair and the Dave Matthews obsession. **Time together:** Sixteen years. **What makes it work:** Mutual acceptance. When they met, Rowling was a struggling single mother with a young child. "It felt as if he stepped inside everything with me," she told *The Guardian* in 2012. "He changed my life."

2 CAMERON DIAZ + BENJI MADDEN

Her: Actor; real-life Manic Pixie Dream Girl. **Him:** Guitarist for Good Charlotte who still wears his baseball cap backward at age thirty-eight. **Time together:** Three years. **What makes it work:** Loyalty. "He is fiercely protective of the people he loves and cares about," Diaz wrote on Instagram in 2016. **Another theory:** Sometimes—rarely—that bad-boy mystique stays well past high school.

3 EMILY RATAJKOWSKI + JEFF MAGID

Her: Supermodel. **Him:** Musician, lover of questionable hats. **Time together:** Two years. **What makes it work:** Bravery. Ratajkowski said in 2015, "I'm just attracted to confident men who ... aren't scared of women." **Come again?** If all you needed to wear her was a little courage and an extensive hat collection, she'd be with Paul Simon right now.

4 CHRISTINA HENDRICKS + GEOFFREY ARENO

Her: *Mad Men* actor; the best case against throwing shade at gingers. **Him:** Actor who dresses like a dapper file clerk circa 1938. **Time together:** Nine years. **What makes it work:** Generosity. "He's considerate, he's thoughtful, he's smart, he takes care of me," Hendricks told *People* in 2009. **You may recognize him as:** The stoner in *Super Troopers* who, from the back of a police cruiser, declares: "The snozzberries taste like snozzberries!"

5 KIRSTEN DUNST + JESSE PLEMONS

Her: Actor who's been charming crowds since 1994's *Interview with the Vampire*. **Him:** Excellent actor on excellent shows (*Friday Night Lights*, *Breaking Bad*) who specializes in playing geeky killers. **Time together:** Ten months, recently engaged. **Fatal attraction?** They met on the set of *Fargo*, on which he played her husband, a geeky butcher—who kills for her.

6 CATE BLANCHETT + ANDREW UPTON

Her: Legendary actor and mystical elf queen. **Him:** Australian playwright with a striking resemblance to a forlorn Frodo. **Time together:** Twenty years. **What makes it work:** Collaboration. They co-own the film production company Dirty Films. Blanchett told *E! News* in 2015: "It's been a great creative partnership with my husband and also a great love affair."

7 ADELE + SIMON KONECKI

Her: Voice of an angel, mouth of a sailor. **Him:** Cofounder of an ethical bottled water company. **Time together:** Five years. **What makes it work:** Maturity. Adele told *Vanity Fair* in 2016, "He's not threatened by any stage of my life that I'm going for." **Worship thy wife:** He may look like an unkempt pile of baggy clothes, but looks matter less when you're so devoted. "He cares about me more than anything," Adele said in 2015.

8 SERENA WILLIAMS + ALEXIS OHANIAN

Her: Tennis-ball destroyer; winner of twenty-three Grand Slams. **Him:** Reddit cofounder. **Time together:** Twenty-two months, recently engaged. **What makes it work:** Respect. "He definitely treats everyone the same, which is really cool to see," Williams said at a press conference in January. **Another theory:** We've got nothing. From Drake to ... this guy? A total mystery.

9 TINA FEY + JEFF RICHMOND

Her: Actor, writer, infallible human. **Him:** Composer and producer who looks like your hip history teacher. **Time together:** Twenty-two years. **What makes it work:** Kindness. "I don't have that kind of I love the bad guys thing. No, no, thank you." Fey told *Vanity Fair* in 2009. "I like nice people." **Size doesn't matter:** She's five-five; he's five-zero. Gents: If the emotional fit is right, it's okay if you fit into her pocket.



Perfect Tens & Their Perfectly Fine Men
History's most memorable mismatched couples



DURING A ROOFTOP FIREFIGHT IN FALLUJAH, IN ONE OF THE MOST HARROWING BATTLES OF THE IRAQ WAR, SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ELLIOT ACKERMAN THAT HE WOULD NEVER FORGET. TWELVE YEARS LATER, HE WENT BACK TO CONFRONT THE PAST.

GOODBYE, MY BROTHER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY Hawre KHALID



THREE DAYS I'VE BEEN HERE

RUNNING FROM ONE MINISTRY TO another, making phone calls, emailing the U.S. embassy, asking favors of friends and then favors of friends of friends. Nothing has worked. I want to be in Fallujah. But I can't get out of Baghdad. It's two in the afternoon on a Thursday in late October. I'm in a nearly empty shopping mall, at a Toll House cookie kiosk across the street from the Iraqi Ministry of the Interior. It's Fityan, Hawre, and me. We're waiting for a call from Fityan's cousin Tahrir, a captain in the police. He is inside the ministry negotiating my letter of permission into Fallujah.

In Fallujah there is a doorway I want to stand in. My friend Dan Malcom was shot and killed trying to cross its threshold twelve years ago. A sniper's bullet found its mark beneath his arm, just under the ribs.

In Fallujah there is a building I want to stand on top of. It was a candy store. The day after Dan was killed, my platoon fought a twelve-hour firefight from its rooftop. That was the worst day of the battle, the largest and bloodiest of the Iraq War. We began the morning with forty-six guys. By nightfall, twenty-five of us were on our feet.

That doorway in Fallujah, that rooftop—I remember exactly where they are.

Fityan's phone rings, startling him so much that a worm of ash tumbles from his cigarette. He brushes at the black T-shirt that is snug over his round belly. As he answers Tahrir's call, I try to decode the slushy tonality of Fityan's Arabic. His expression sags as he hears his cousin's report.

"They are asking for a $500 bribe," Fityan says. He tosses his phone onto the coffee table between us. Fityan and Tahrir are Sunni, with deep ties in Iraq's restive Al Anbar Province. I met Fityan through a friend of mine, an American who used to teach at a university in northern Iraq. He knew Fityan through one of his students, which is to say he hardly knew Fityan at all. Weeks ago, over long-distance Skype calls and emails, Fityan introduced me to Tahrir. The two of them promised that they could get me into Fallujah, and I've come a long way because of their promises. "If you were Iranian, it'd be easier," Fityan mutters. "The ministries are all Shia. They're giving you a hard time because you're an American."



Inside the ISIS torture house: "The Daesh are vampires," says Colonel Mahmoud Jamal, Fallujah's chief of police.

Our server brings our drinks. Hawre, the photographer assigned to this story, sets down his camera and examines the enormous cup of coffee in front of him. "Fityan, tell him I ordered a medium." Hawre is an Iraqi Kurd from Kirkuk, north of Baghdad. His teeth are crooked and overlapping, like cards fanned out by an unskilled dealer. Whenever he parts his lips, he appears to be smiling. He is immensely proud that he barely speaks Arabic.

Fityan confirms that Hawre's coffee is the size he ordered.

"Toll House is an American chain," I say to Hawre, attempting to explain his enormous "medium." Everyone lights a cigarette.

It's been twelve years since I fought in Fallujah as a Marine. If a bribe is all that's preventing my return to the city—a place that's been in my thoughts every day since 2004—it seems I have no choice. "I could just pay the five hundred."

"They always do this bullshit," Fityan says.

They is Iraq's Shia-majority government, which has marginalized the country's Sunni minority since the U.S. officially withdrew in 2011. Shia flags emblazoned with the deific portrait of Ali—the Prophet Muhammad's martyred cousin and son-in-law—line nearly every government building, lamppost, and shopfront in Baghdad. Ali has an impenetrable beard, a confrontational stare, and a forest-green shroud covering his head. For the Shia, who believe that he was Muhammad's legitimate successor, he has become the personification of resistance to the Islamic State.

The Sunnis, meanwhile, who dominated Iraq under Saddam Hussein, claim that the rightful heir to Muhammad was Abu Bakr al-Siddiq, a companion of the Prophet's who was made caliph in A.D. 632. When the Islamic State established its modern caliphate in Mosul in June 2014, the group's leader, a slightly obscure religious scholar named Ibrahim Awwed Ibrahim al-Badri, asserted a grandiose nom de guerre. Claiming his place in the succession, he declared himself to be Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi.

I slump in my chair and wait for Tahrir for another hour. I fought in Iraq for two years. I know that this country's dysfunction is millennia deep. Why did I expect that Tahrir and Fityan, two Sunnis from Al Anbar, would be able to navigate the bureaucracy of an Iranian-backed Shia government?

Then Tahrir appears, strutting past the cashier, who, like everyone else, is nearly a head shorter than him. "Elliot, bro, you look sad. Why the long faces?"

I'm about to ask if I should pay the bribe when he whips from behind his back a brown envelope closed with an official seal. Handwritten Arabic script is lashed along its front. I go to tear it open as if it were one of Willy Wonka's Golden Tickets. "Slow down," he says. He takes the envelope and places it on the table.

U.S. Marines fighting on a rooftop in Fallujah in 2004.

"What about the bribe?" I ask.

"I was fucking with you, *habibi*. You Americans think we Iraqis can't do anything right," he says. "I told you, the guy at the ministry is my friend."

We carefully remove the letter, a single page covered with seals, serial numbers, and many signatures. "What does it say?" I ask.

Fityan reads the text, his mouth silently forming the words in Arabic while the tip of his cigarette bounces over the syllables with metronomic precision. He glances up at me. "It says you're going back to Fallujah."

—

EARLY ON FRIDAY MORNING, the first day of the Muslim weekend, Baghdad is asleep as we drive out through the city's deserted streets. Fityan and Tahrir are up front, and Hawre's next to me in back, hungover with a pair of knockoff Gucci sunglasses pulled over his eyes. His head is against the window when his phone rings. The voice on the other end is frantic, and soon Hawre is frantic as well. He tucks his phone away. "That was my brother. At 4:00 A.M. the Daesh attacked Kirkuk."

Four days ago, the Iraqis began an offensive to retake Mosul from the Daesh, also known as the Islamic State. Thus far, an alliance of Iraqi security forces, Kurdish peshmerga, and Shia militias known as Hashd al-Shaabi, or Popular Mobilization Forces, has made steady advances toward Mosul, Iraq's second-most populous city and the Islamic State's capital in the country. These gains come on the heels of more than a year's worth of successful offensives by Iraqi security forces in Tikrit, Hit, Ramadi, and Fallujah. Prime Minister Haider al-Abadi has staked the credibility of his government on the Mosul operation's success, appearing on television to announce the offensive in the black uniform of his elite counterterrorism forces.

The attack on Kirkuk was part of an Islamic State counteroffensive. We search for news about it on Facebook and Twitter. "The Daesh are fucking smart," Tahrir says, as we pull up to a checkpoint outside Baghdad. A sentry examines my passport and the Interior Ministry letter at length. Tahrir has worn his police uniform for good measure, an ad hoc mixture of camouflage pants and an olive-green safari shirt. His pistol is tucked into his waistband.

Opposite us, the queue of vehicles entering Baghdad extends nearly half a mile. There is virtually no traffic departing for Al Anbar. We are waved through.

The highway stretches out with palm groves on either side. More than a decade ago, on daylong foot patrols, our platoon would rest in the trees' shade with our backs to their scaled trunks and our rifle barrels facing outward. Soon Abu Ghraib, the infamous Iraqi prison, appears. The cupolas of its guard towers menace the prisoners

inside and the travelers on the road. *Watch where you're going and what you do.* Villages with low slung dwellings and names as forgettable as passwords race by—Nasr Wa Salam, Zaidan, Amriyat. There are also the places we named ourselves, because we knew no better, like the bulging peninsula cut by the Euphrates that separates Al Anbar and Babylon. We called it the Ball Sack.

After twelve years, everything is unchanged. And looming over it now, as it did then, is Fallujah. Fityan points up the road, where four- and five-story buildings form a barricade on the horizon.

"There it is," he says. A picket of minarets stab heavenward, their sides paneled with crumbling mosaics. Everything anyone has ever built in this city is pocked with bullet holes. "Is it like you remembered it?" Fityan wants to know.

At a barbed-wire checkpoint decorated with flowers to welcome returning residents, we meet Colonel Mahmoud Jamal, the city's chief of police, who escorts us to his headquarters. He is a member of the Albu Issa tribe, which supported the Anbar Awakening, a Sunni movement that rebelled against Al Qaeda in Iraq, the Islamic State's precursor. We are served bread, fried eggs, and tea with a finger's worth of sugar lurking at the bottom. We sit in his office, with his unmade bed in the corner and a pair of his socks airing out on the windowsill. A clicking table fan circulates the inside air.

During the Battle of Fallujah, the author a platoon fought a twelve-hour firefight.

For nearly an hour, Colonel Jamal tells us how the city is being rebuilt, but what he says doesn't correspond with what we see. Though Iraqi security forces retook Fallujah from the Islamic State four months ago, in June, three quarters of the city's population has yet to return. There is still no electricity, no water, no sanitation. Colonel Jamal grew up here and has worked in and around the city as a police officer since 2005—longer than anyone, he tells us. "I will never give up on my home," he says. One can't begrudge him his persistence. In his job only an optimist—even a foolish one—could hold out any hope for success.

"The Daesh are vampires," Colonel Jamal says. "I insist on this description. They suck the life from everything." He suggests that we visit an Islamic State prison the Iraqi security forces discovered after liberating the city. I agree but also ask to visit a couple of other buildings, obscure ones. Before he has a chance to ask why, there is a commotion at the front of the police station. A tall officer in a well-starched uniform with deliriously embroidered epaulettes and a retinue in tow steps into Colonel Jamal's office. It is Brigadier General Mahmoud al Filahi, commander of the Iraqi army's 10th Division, which is responsible for all of Al Anbar Province, here for an impromptu visit.

Colonel Jamal assigns us an escort of two soldiers and ushers us hastily out of his office so that he can speak with the general alone. As I pack up my things, Colonel Jamal explains our plans to General al-Filahi. The general's questions are pointed. "And what is it that you're looking for?" I hesitate, not certain that I want to offer up this detail. Before I can respond, the general adds, "Perhaps you are looking for your WMDs?"

I smile and laugh lightly at his joke. He does not.

—

DAN WAS A GREAT CHESS PLAYER. We played our last game sitting across from each other, with his magnetic set spread across an upturned crate of Meals Ready to Eat. "Life is like chess," Dan would sometimes say, usually when he was winning.

The door he was trying to get through when he died was on the rooftop of a five-story building in the Fallujah mayor's complex. We called it the High Rise. My platoon was spread on top of two identical buildings next door, which we'd dubbed Mary Kate and Ashley, after the Olsen twins. It was November 10, 2004, during the opening days of the battle. Dan had run up to the roof after friendly artillery nearly fell on my platoon. The shells were so close I could hear the steel fragments slapping against the side of Mary Kate, where I was lying prone on the roof. All of us had our mouths open to keep the blast overpressure from rupturing our eardrums. Dan crawled across the top of the High Rise and managed to call back to our headquarters. He got the artillery shifted away from us, and I picked up the radio to thank him. That's when I heard my company commander call for a corpsman. Dan's body had collapsed across the threshold when he was shot, and he'd died almost instantly. He's buried at Arlington now. I heard that his magnetic chessboard was in his cargo pocket when he was killed.

After we leave the police headquarters in Fallujah, Hawre wants to walk. So do I. But our two escorts shepherd us into the bed of a pickup truck instead. The mayor's complex is a few hundred meters away, on the north side of Highway 10, whose four lanes bisect the city. Across the street is the timeworn candy store, the other place I want to see. Tahrir begins to argue with our escorts in Arabic, insisting that they take us there. Fityan pulls me aside and says, "We're not telling them that you fought here, so they're a bit confused." I can't disagree with his judgment. Visiting this city as a former Marine feels like walking through New Orleans if your name is Hurricane Katrina.

The escorts drive us to what is left of the mayor's complex. The Islamic State leveled most government buildings during its occupation. Our escorts warn us to be careful as we step through the rubble. The city has yet to be demined, and booby traps are uncovered daily. Among fragments of cement, I stumble across a human hipbone. I also find the skeletal remains of Mary Kate, from whose rooftop I had called Dan. Searching the horizon, I see only blue sky where the High Rise once loomed. Mysteriously, not even the wreckage remains.

Tahrir glances at the rubble and asks, "Is this where it was?"

I point at the empty patch of ground. "No, it was over there."

"The door, *habibi*?"

"I guess it's gone."

I find the candy store, where insurgents surrounded my platoon the day after Dan was killed. Earlier that morning, at three o'clock, we had crossed Highway 10 in advance of a larger assault of nearly one thousand Marines that was scheduled for a few hours later. I had never seen the outside of the candy store in daylight. "This is the place," I tell Hawre. He begins to shoot photos, which only increases the suspicions of our Iraqi escorts. They glance in my direction and whisper among themselves. A sign on the side of the structure is in English. It reads, MOONLIGHT SUPERMARKET.

A rusted mesh fence, padlocked shut, encircles the building. I climb up the side. By the time I am on the rooftop, I am covered in a familiar dust. I recognize not so much the building as the vantages it offers. The view from where we set in our medium machine guns so they could rake a long street. The approach where we waited desperately for an armored ambulance as one of the Marines, who'd been shot through the femoral artery, was bleeding to death. The southeastern corner where I crouched alongside my platoon sergeant, who in his early thirties seemed infinitely old and wise, seconds before he was shot in the head, only to miraculously survive.

I try to imagine this place not as a battlefield but as a community of homes and businesses. Many of our most iconic cities—Rome, Istanbul, Athens—have a layered architectural aesthetic, each population having built on what its predecessors created. Fallujah is different. It is defined not by creation but by destruction.

My eyes cast out, searching for hard-fought neighborhoods and alleyways, for unrepaired scars on the buildings. I am looking for the marks we left behind. I see them everywhere, commingled with the marks left by others. They have become the city, both battlefield and home.

—

COLONEL JAMAL IS EAGER for us to see the torture house. We've driven into Fallujah's Jolan District, where townspeople strung up the burned bodies of four American Blackwater contractors from a bridge in 2004, beginning the first battle for the city. The prickly scent of cordite lingers on every street in Fallujah, but it is heaviest up here. We follow Colonel Jamal into the courtyard of a mansion. In the foyer, light pours through stained-glass windows. Above us a chandelier's crystal pendants tinkle in time with a soldier's footfalls in an upper bedroom. We enter an atrium. A winding staircase ascends beneath a domed roof painted purple, yellow, and pink. A human femur rests on the tiled floor.

"These were the mass holding cells," says Colonel Jamal, "and the offices for the Daesh courts." Hastily welded steel doors enclose salon-sized rooms with bags of dates and almonds stashed in the corners. "This is all they fed the prisoners," he explains. On a single shelf rests a small library of religious texts, with two curious exceptions: a collection of letters by Nelson Mandela with a foreword by Barack Obama, and *The Short Stories of H. G. Wells.*

Colonel Jamal says it's time for us to go next door. Instead of walking outside, he crawls through a hole that Islamic State fighters sledgehammered into the wall so they could move between buildings without being detected by coalition aircraft. "This is the place they don't want you to see," Colonel Jamal says of this second house. A fire has ripped through the interior. Heat has warped and melted air-conditioning units, glass, anything not made of stone or steel. An eerie silence possesses every room. Hardly anyone in our group speaks, and none of us hazards more than a whisper. There is only the rhythmic sound of our steps crunching against the charred wreckage—that and the smell, a cauterized scent sickly sweet with the undertones of death.

We climb a stairwell. A hand-cranked winch is fastened to the banister. A pulley is bolted to the ceiling. The steel wires hanging from it have loops just large enough to cuff a pair of human wrists. Car batteries are stacked in a corner, and next to them are bales of copper wire with the insulation stripped away, as well as a melted plastic chair. It seems gratuitous to ask what it's all for. On the second floor, the windows are covered. It is pitch black. I turn on my iPhone's flashlight. Six steel cages are arrayed in two rows. Each cell has a thin mat and a pillow, and a padlock is notched jauntily onto every door. "Step inside," Colonel Jamal insists. I hesitate. He asks again, challenging me. I duck my head and walk into the solitary confinement cell. "Turn off your light," he says. I do, for maybe three seconds, possibly for as long as five—long enough, in any event, for him to tell me through the impenetrable darkness, "What you see are the accomplishments of the U.S. government."

Spray-painted in white on an interior courtyard wall is the first part of the Shahada: *la 'ilaha 'illa-llah*, "There is no god but

"WHAT IS IT THAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?" THE GENERAL ASKS. I HESITATE, NOT CERTAIN THAT I WANT TO OFFER UP THIS DETAIL. BEFORE I CAN RESPOND, HE ADDS, "PERHAPS YOU ARE LOOKING FOR YOUR WMDS?" I SMILE AND LAUGH LIGHTLY AT HIS JOKE. HE DOES NOT.





If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and surrender my body to the flames, but have not love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Bible quotes laminated by the author's mother for him to carry into battle.

Moonlight Supermarket, where the author's platoon was surrounded by insurgents.

God." A handful of hair dryers and curling irons are heaped beneath the Islamic State graffiti. Colonel Jamal dips his wrist effeminately and laughs. "The Daesh," he says, "are very vain, especially about their hair." He is still amused by this when we amble into the street and squint against the sunlight.

As we walk, the city's energy refreshes Colonel Jamal. He is eager for us to speak with the locals. Sitting in front of a boarded-up shop is a stout man in a gray ankle-length dishdasha and Nike sandals. He is passing a tangle of wire to his nephews to coil around a scrap of wood. "Wire is expensive, so we're digging up what's left in the city and using it in our homes," he explains.

The man's name is Ahmed Abas al Jabor. He is a mukhtar, a community leader. When I ask if he was here during the Islamic State's occupation, he insists he was not. His nephews shift restlessly and insist that they, too, left the city. Pityan, who has been translating, leans toward me and whispers, "No one is going to admit that they stayed." Al-Jabor continues, "Many are waiting to see if the insurgents will retake the city."

Colonel Jamal cuts him off. "Don't call them insurgents."

Al-Jabor stares back blankly.

"You must call them Daesh."

Every tenth house or so, someone is trying to rebuild, clearing out a courtyard, sweeping up debris, tampering with a generator. True to Pityan's word, citizens across the board tell me they left Fallujah during the Islamic State occupation. We see a smattering of Iraqi police and army checkpoints. Many fly the Shia flags emblazoned with the image of Ali that were so ubiquitous around Baghdad. The evidence of this summer's battle—and those that preceded it—is apparent everywhere.

We spend the afternoon outside Fallujah, at Habbaniyah air base. Unbeknownst to us, Colonel Jamal has arranged a VIP visit to the Iraqi police's Special Tactical Regiment. The regiment's commander, Lieutenant Colonel Adel Hamed, tells us hair-raising stories about the recent battles for Ramadi and Fallujah, replete with shock promo videos made by his in-house media team. His men, trained by Navy SEALs, served as shock troops in both battles. When I ask the colonel how his background landed him a job as the leader of an elite commando unit—he once worked as an administrative officer—he shrugs and says that nobody else wanted the position. He tells us that he raised the Iraqi flag over Ramadi's city hall himself and then shows us a video to prove it. (At his urging, we watch it several times.) He is also eager to show off a picture of himself with a bandage over his (continued on page 122)



Firaz Saleh Mahammad, a sergeant with Iraq's Golden Division

The Golden Division rides into Bartella, a town near Mosul



BREAK FROM THE CROWD
in suits that say more with an unexpected color, a heathered texture, or a subtle stripe.

NOT Business as USUAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DUSAN RELJIN

These are, shall we say, **INTERESTING TIMES.** An era of bigly **DISRUPTIONS.** But the more the world shifts around us, the more we value the strength of a **SIMPLE, IMPECCABLY CUT SUIT.** And now that top fashion houses turn them out as reliably as heritage tailors, you're bound to find a **STYLE** that **WORKS** for **YOU.**

STYLING BY
NICK SULLIVAN

Left: Suit (price upon request) shirt (price upon request) and tie (price upon request) by **Versace**; 4810 chronograph ($3,995) by **Montblanc**. Middle: Suit ($795) and tie ($95) by **Boss**; shirt ($335) by **Turnbull & Asser**. Right: Suit ($2,150) and shirt ($440) by **Lanvin**; tie ($180) by **Hermès**.



S[illegible] ($3 [illegible]) [illegible]t ($730) [illegible] tie ($200) by **Dior Homme.**



Jacket ($2,195) [illegible] ($550) [illegible]rousers ($595) [illegible] tie ($195) by **Ralph Lauren;** loafers ($1,480) by **John Lobb;** socks ($30) by **Pantherella**



GO BLUE COLLAR—
cornflower blue, specifically.
It's a shade that looks good on just
about everyone.

Left: Coat ($2,460) by **Stella McCartney**; jacket ($2,350) and trousers ($790) by **Bettega Veneta**; shirt ($345) by **Hemilten Shirts**; tie ($85) by **Bonobos**. Right: Suit ($2,600) by **Caruso**; shirt ($345) by **Hemilten Shirts**



TAKE A CLOSER LOOK
at your suit fabric. Mohair blends (like
this one) will have a dark luster.

Suit ($3,400) by **Prada**; tie ($13) by **the Tie Bar**



FIND A COMMON THREAD
when pairing a suit and tie. Think a bold red repp stripe energ[illegible] check of the same c[illegible]

Suit ($3,450) and tie ($200) by **Gucci**; shirt ($340) by **Jeffrey Rikles.** Globemaster Annual Calendar Ca Axial Master Chronometer watch ($8,600) by **Omega**



KNOW WHEN TO CALL IT QUITS.
Blue suit, red tie, spread-collar shirt, and classic trench? Good luck improving on that one.

Coat ($650) by **A.P.C.**; suit ($1,490); tie ($190); and shoes ($740) by **Salvatore Ferragamo**; shirt ($245) by **Eton.**
For store information see page 127. Casting by Edward Kim for the Edit Desk. Grooming by Gianluca Mandelli for Atelier Management.

'ROID RAGE

THE NEXT BIG GOLD RUSH IS NOT ON EARTH. IT'S ON ASTEROIDS. AND EVERYONE FROM GOOGLE COFOUNDER LARRY PAGE TO AMAZON'S JEFF BEZOS IS RACING TO STAKE A CLAIM.

GEORGE PENDLE MEETS THE HIGH-TECH WILDCATTERS FIGHTING TO PROSPECT THE HEAVENS.

ILLUSTRATION BY CRISTIANO RINALDI

The headquarters of Planetary Resources sits in a business park in the city of Redmond, Washington, fifteen miles east of Seattle. This is Microsoft country, and the lobby is just like that of any tech start-up. There's the obligatory life-sized statue of Boba Fett to greet you, a pool table, beer on tap, vintage arcade games, and a group of twenty- and thirty-somethings



working on laptops and nurturing stubble. Given the company's stated mission—landing probes on asteroids tumbling wildly through space and mining them for natural resources with solar-powered robots in nearly zero gravity—the place is remarkably unremarkable. Until, that is, you get to the bright, glass-walled, antiseptic space in the center of the office where masked engineers in white overalls, white surgical masks, and hair nets pad softly around two tiny satellites.

Everyone is going about their business as if this were not all completely insane. It seems almost unkind to be here, like watching the denizens of some asylum scratch out intricate patterns on the floor of their cells. But no one seems to have told any of them. And when you spend a few minutes talking to Chris Lewicki, the company's youthful-looking, forty-three-year-old president and CEO, you start to wonder if you might be the crazy one.

It helps that Lewicki has an impeccable scientific résumé. Having served as flight director on NASA's Mars Exploration Rover missions (a job he landed before he turned thirty), Lewicki knows the special challenges of transporting a remote-controlled robot 300 million miles and then getting it to do a whole bunch of science on an alien surface. "I know how hard space is, and it's harder than I think," he says. "But I also know it's possible."

Lewicki larded his board of advisors with MIT physicists, NASA scientists, retired generals, and, for good measure, *Avatar* director James Cameron, who has become a sort of patron saint of the unbelievable. More impressive still, the company's early investors include Larry Page, the cofounder of Google; Bryan Johnson, the founder of Braintree; Tencent, a Chinese tech giant; and a bunch of venture-capital groups not normally considered easy marks. Last year they collectively invested $21 million in the company.

Although it hopes to be mining asteroids within ten to fifteen years, Planetary Resources wants to profit from the steps along the way. First off it plans to create a constellation of small satellites like the two I saw in the clean room. Little bigger than a family-size cereal box, these "cubesats" will eventually be used to look for the right sorts of asteroids to mine. But to begin with, their sensors will be trained on earth, where they can process infrared and hyperspectral data that can be beamed to whoever wants it, all at an affordable price. Think a personalized, constantly updated Google Earth. Oil companies could inspect pipelines and discover leaks. Land managers could spot forest fires. You could probably even get them to check up on your grow operation while you're on vacation.

"It's like the space program. We set out to put a man on the moon, but in the process we created so many valuable things," Lewicki says. "If we're very successful, we'll achieve parts of our mission and vision. If we're remerely successful, we might be a profitable business doing interesting things in space."

ELON MUSK



Thinks earth is doomed, but he's bullish on space.

A quick word about asteroids. Those potato-shaped boulders hurtling through our solar system at sixty thousand miles per hour are, according to scientists, rich in water, iron, and precious metals. These resources could be used for building space structures, fueling passing spaceships, or simply slinging out your space suit with platinum trim. Asterank.com, an asteroid-ranking database bought by Planetary Resources in 2013, has estimated the potential value of more than six hundred thousand of them. Some, thanks to their size and proximity to earth, are thought to be worth more than $100 trillion. These near-earth asteroids, or NEAs, are the prize.

The goal of turning a profit in space is a relatively recent one. Dr. John Lewis was one early advocate who literally wrote the book on asteroid mining. In *Mining the Sky*, Lewis argued that whole cities and life-support systems could be built in space. He calculated that the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter has enough resources to support "several tens of quadrillions of people."

"I was aiming the book at teenagers," says Lewis, who is now seventy-five. "People who have open minds, who haven't already settled upon a groove." One of his pupils at the University of Arizona was Chris Lewicki. Lewis was originally courted by his former student to work at Planetary Resources, but negotiations soured. "They would pay me a pittance and use my name, and would I please shut up and not bother them about detail," Lewis says. He is now the chief scientist at Deep Space Industries, the other major player in the field. A representative for Planetary Resources says simply, "We respect Dr. Lewis and his body of work."

"NASA is not interested in making money, ever," Lewicki says. "People don't go to work for NASA because it's a good job. They go to explore the galaxy and expand our knowledge." Asteroid mining's big money investors and promise of untold riches make it particularly attractive to scientists used to fighting over the scraps of NASA's government funding. Sara Seager, a world-renowned astrophysicist, joined the advisory board of Planetary Resources in hopes of making enough money to independently finance her extremely expensive quest for another earth. Such entrepreneurial tendencies are typical of the burgeoning industry known as NewSpace.

Less hierarchical, less bureaucratic, and less traditionally punctuated than Old Space, NewSpace features smaller teams often working on reusable technology with off-the-shelf parts. Planetary Resources, for example, is currently testing a component for one of its satellites that is normally used in hospitals for intravenous fluid regulation. "It's reliable because someone's life depends on it," Lewicki says. "When NASA wanted something like this, they hired a team of two hundred engineers to design it from scratch. The pharmaceutical industry has already done that for us. We're just stealing."

JAMES CAMERON



Wants to mine the galaxy, just like the villains in *Avatar*.

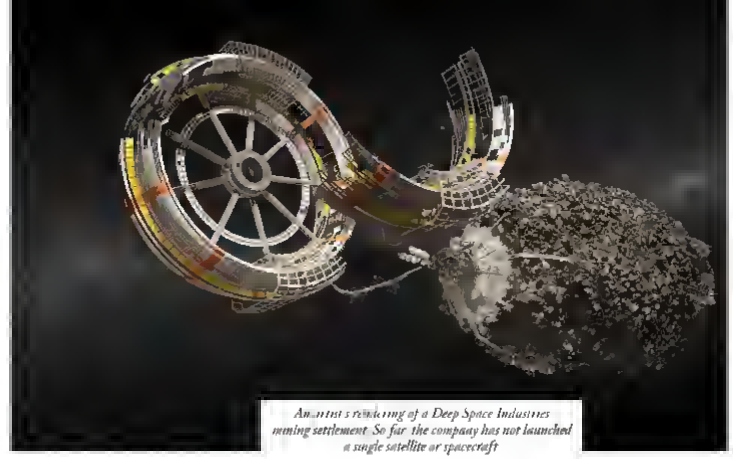
Elon Musk laid the foundation for NewSpace with SpaceX, his rocket company, founded in 2002. NASA now contracts out to SpaceX its cargo resupply missions to the International Space Station, and the company has an estimated valuation of $15 billion. "The better Elon does," Meagan Crawford, the COO of DSI, says, "the better the whole industry does."

Dick Rocket—yes, that's his real name—the CEO of NSG, a NewSpace analyst firm, estimates that the annual worldwide revenue of NewSpace ventures is between $5 billion and $10 billion, and predicts that there will be ten thousand NewSpace companies created in the next ten years.

It wasn't just Musk, Jeff Bezos, the founder of Amazon and the owner of *The Washington Post*, has similarly grandiose plans. He founded his own NewSpace rocket company, Blue Origin, in 2000. The world's fourth richest man, Bezos has said that he wants "millions of people living and working in space."

On the one hand, these pioneers want to be seen as pragmatic businessmen; on the other, their business plans are filled with apocalyptic visions straight out of a fire-and-brimstone tent revival. After announcing last year that he wanted to send a million people to Mars to establish a self-sustaining city, Musk sought to reassure the crowd. "I don't have an immediate doomsday prophecy," he said. But he also noted that "history suggests there will be some doomsday event."

For any of these NewSpace visions to become reality, asteroid mining has to be a success. It seems to be the only way of physically and economically sustaining any prolonged exploration or occupation of space. The cost of carrying fuel, water, and building materials into space from earth (around $5,000 a pound on a SpaceX rocket) is too great to be cost effective. Once mined, asteroids could be turned into the equivalent of gas stations and lumberyards for outbound spacecraft.



An artist's rendering of a Deep Space Industries mining settlement. So far, the company has not launched a single satellite or spacecraft.

An international treaty signed at the height of the Space Race prohibits nations from claiming ownership of "celestial bodies" but made no mention of private individuals or corporations. Cue the U.S. Space Act of 2015, a bill that made it lawful for any American citizen to keep whatever they dug out of an asteroid. For the first time in history, a government was officially allowing its citizens to plunder the heavens. An early version contained language drafted by asteroid miners, who lobbied heavily for the final bill, suggesting that a company could call dibs on an asteroid just by showing "reasonable" activity. This could mean that a company with a fleet of satellites—like the ones Planetary Resources is developing—could simply point them at any asteroid they like and claim legal rights to it. This language was eventually removed and, for the record, Planetary Resources strongly denies that this is what it plans to do. Already, however, some space lawyers are working out loopholes to exploit, arguing that if an asteroid is small enough to be moved by a spacecraft—as NASA's Asteroid Redirect Mission is set to do—it should no longer be classed a "celestial body" and therefore could be appropriated in its entirety.

JEFF BEZOS



Says you should move to Mars. Will Amazon deliver?

So far, however, these visions have been exactly that: visions. Planetary Resources has put only one test cubesat into earth's orbit, after one was destroyed in a launch explosion. There has been nothing close to a private asteroid landing yet. What there has been is hype, and lots of it. Jim Logan, a twenty-two-year NASA veteran and cofounder of the Space Enterprise Institute, a nonprofit analyst firm, warns against "space cadets" in the industry who look too far ahead. "It's not that they're hyping the possibility," he says. "They're guilty of simplifying the solutions."

Of course nobody wants to be like *The New York Times*, which published a 1920 editorial stating that it was a physical impossibility for a rocket to function in space. But has any business in the history of the world started with such faraway objectives? Everyone involved believes so fervently in what hasn't happened yet that it can drive you a little crazy. But finding a doubter in the NewSpace community is like trying to find a tell on a poker pro's face.

Admittedly they do have some reason for optimism, largely thanks to the efforts of those working in Old Space. In 2001, NASA landed the NEAR Shoemaker probe on an asteroid, while the Japanese space agency managed to bring less than a milligram of asteroid material back to earth in 2010 aboard the Hayabusa. In 2014, the European Space Agency's Rosetta landed on a comet—an icy variation on an asteroid—but it bounced on the surface, fell into a fissure, and failed to do any drilling.

Late last year NASA launched OSIRIS-REx, a spacecraft named after the Egyptian god of the dead, to visit an asteroid and return up to two kilograms of material to earth by 2023. An even more ambitious billion-dollar proposal is its aforementioned Asteroid Redirect Mission, which seeks to grab a multi-ton boulder off an asteroid and place it in orbit around the moon—although funding is proving more elusive for that one.

Of course, these missions were all bankrolled by governments, not private investors expecting a return. But this has not stopped the asteroid miners from attracting capital from some unusual quarters.

What's the only country in the world beside Mexico with the letter *x* in its name? Need a clue? It's also home of the world's leading provider of balls for ballpoint pens. Still nothing? The answer is Luxembourg, a landlocked sliver of Europe slightly smaller than Rhode Island that has a well-earned reputation for being the most boring country in the world. You can imagine the surprise when Luxembourg announced last year that it had become a major investor in asteroid mining.

The man behind this unexpected bid for intergalactic glory is Étienne Schneider, the deputy prime minister of Luxembourg as well as its minister of the economy, minister of internal security, and minister of defense. (Like I said: It's a small country.) Sitting in his office aerie atop an unprepossessing block in Luxembourg City, Schneider explains the decision with all the flair you would expect of a Mitteleuropean bureaucrat. Originally one of Europe's largest providers of steel, Luxembourg rebranded itself as a financial hub when the mining economy collapsed in the 1970s. "At the time, people thought a financial center in Luxembourg makes no sense," Schneider says. "But we did it, and now we're quite successful." This is an understatement. Luxembourg has the highest per capita GDP in the world. (The U.S. is eighth.)

LARRY PAGE



Is betting big on asteroids. And he's feeling lucky.

Seeking to diversify once more, Luxembourg has spent 25 million euros for 10 percent of Planetary Resources. The country also signed a memorandum of understanding with Deep Space Industries. Around these two businesses Schneider hopes to create a Luxembourgian Space Agency, as well as a NewSpace investment fund. "We will not do research for the research alone. We really want to do research that will have a direct impact on the business development."

(continued on page 126)

NYPD BLACK

New York, 1965. A city on the brink. MALCOLM X was assassinated, the FBI was wiretapping MARTIN LUTHER KING, and militants were plotting to flood the subways with flaming gasoline. The NYPD sent dozens of BLACK UNDERCOVER officers to INFILTRATE radical groups. What was life like for the BLACK DONNIE BRASCOS?

By Edward CONLON

When **Edward Lee Howlette** joined the New York Police Department in the summer of 1965, he didn't know the first thing about how to be a cop. He was twenty-three years old, an Air Force veteran of Cherokee and African-American descent who had moved to Brooklyn from Richmond, Virginia, a year earlier. His only previous encounter with the police had come while hitchhiking in his service uniform; a state trooper had given him a hectoring lecture on the danger of taking rides from strangers. Howlette had come to New York knowing no one aside from his aunt, her husband, and a cousin. He worked several jobs, took civil-service tests, and attended classes at Columbia University before being recruited by the Bureau of Special Services, the **clandestine** intelligence branch of the NYPD that was better known by its Orwellian acronym, **BOSS.**

Given his inexperience with law enforcement, Howlette didn't appreciate how unusual it was that he was allowed to keep his police shield only for the minute it took him to be sworn in. Or that it would be years before he set foot in the police academy. His only education in **espionage** was a typing course, because his supervisors didn't want to read handwritten reports. This lack of training was no accident: The higher-ups wanted to ensure that Howlette didn't pick up any police slang, telltale words like *perp* and *punch*. They also didn't want him to develop *cop eyes*, the cynically appraising gaze that was always watching for the worst. The less he knew about being a police officer, they figured, the better he could pretend that he wasn't one.

Over the next two years, working under the code name "Eric-83," Howlette infiltrated a radical organization known as the Revolutionary Action Movement (RAM), some of whose associates had once plotted to blow up the Statue of Liberty. He became close to the group's leader, who asked him to help assassinate the heads of two of the country's most prominent civil-rights organizations. When that case went to trial, in the summer of 1968, Howlette discovered his picture along with three others on a **Wanted** poster. He still doesn't know who took the photo, in which his sardonic gaze and rakish mustache make him look like Derek Jeter's evil brother. The poster wasn't circulated by the police, and it didn't accuse Howlette of breaking any laws. He was charged instead with being on the wrong side of history. **DANGER, BLACK MILITANTS BEWARE!!!!!** the poster warned. Its authors were careful to avoid any actionable incitement to murder, though they would not have mourned his loss. A black cop in uniform was a stooge. A black cop without one was a traitor.

Like Howlette, I was a detective in the NYPD, but I came from a long line of Irish cops. I couldn't have done any

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: A mock Wanted poster featuring **Ed Howlette** undercover; **Herman Ferguson,** of the Revolutionary Action Movement, Howlette (left) and another officer, a confrontation at the City College of New York, Howlette and Supreme Court justice Earl Warren, **Afeni Shakur;** a Black Panther



AM poster warns activists of suspected FBI agents

ed Police Hero

Ed is congratulated by Justice Earl Warren and Mayor Lindsay on undercover work

sentenced to three and one half to seven years in prison. In 197[illegible] while out on bail, and after all appeals had failed, two RA[illegible]

thing like what he did, even if I'd wanted to try. Though nearly five decades have passed since Howlette came in from the cold, I expected that the past would weigh heavily on him. But when I spoke to him last fall, that didn't seem to be the case. He made clear that he was never the character he portrayed in those volatile times, and that he's not now the same man who played him. He didn't make light of the risks he had taken—far from it—but he recalled his underground days in a manner that was sure and calm, without a hint of unease or defensiveness. Howlette is retired now, and he spends his time as he sees fit. He won't waste any of it on regrets. "I was doing a job," he said.

All intelligence agencies are in the business of betrayal. The best-known deep undercover was "Donnie Brasco," a character played in a movie by Johnny Depp and in life by Joe Pistone, an FBI agent who spent six years with the Bonanno organized-crime family. Pistone had no illusions about the Mafia, a long-standing source of shame to Sicilian families like his own. But his reluctant affection for some of the men he got to know—several of whom were killed when his identity was revealed—gives his story a fraught poignancy. I met Pistone a dozen years ago. He told me that he was still careful about going out in public. His old enemies were dead or in jail, but he always kept an eye out for the young guns who wanted to be a part of history.

BOSS is now known as the Intelligence Division. It began in 1905 as the "Italian Squad," when it was led by Joe Petrosino, the first Italian American detective in the NYPD. Though Petrosino investigated anarchists—his warning to President McKinley about a plot against his life was ignored—most of his efforts were directed against gangsters from his native country. He was murdered by the Mafia in Palermo in 1909. The first volunteer for the squad was its first casualty.

Undercover work is not equal opportunity employment. By the mid-sixties, when Howlette joined BOSS, the bureau had broadened its primary focus from communists to black revolutionaries. A case index from 1973 listed twenty-six "operators," as undercovers were known, nine of whom were working on criminal cases. Fifteen of the eighteen political investigations were directed at leftist and black nationalist groups, some of which—the Black Panthers—are still remembered, while others—such as the Republic of New Africa, are forgotten. When it came to white militants, two operators each covered multiple groups, which suggests that the National Renaissance Party and something called "Defense of Tradition, Family, and Property" were considered to be less than existential threats. An old family friend named Bill Courtney, who worked at BOSS at the time, once told me that the white cadres were hapless if not exactly harmless. "You know how you infiltrated those guys? You showed up with a six-pack."

As tensions between black activists and the police in places like Baltimore and Chicago dominated the news in recent years, I began to wonder about black undercovers such as Ed Howlette. What was life like for the black Donnie Brascos? The sociologist Nicholas Alex has noted that racial identity doesn't disappear beneath a uniform. Often, he says, a black policeman "is drawn into an enclave of black cops and becomes a member of a minority group within a minority group." Black cops at BOSS who worked political cases against black radicals were a minority within a minority within a minority—isolation squared, then cubed.

It was widely known that the NYPD and the FBI had SPIES everywhere. Still, in the circles within circles, MILITANTS talked explicitly about ATTACKING COPS with HATCHETS.

The full history of domestic police espionage will likely never be written, as the ablest practitioners of the trade knew how to keep a secret. Most of the black undercovers I tried to contact never responded, and one who did implored me not to mention his name. Still, there were a few who felt a need to tell their stories, if only to set the record straight.



Joe Petrosino led the NYPD's Italian Squad, which infiltrated the Mafia.

BOSS leaned toward recruits with high test scores and low profiles. According to E.W. Count, whose vivid oral history of NYPD detectives, *Cop Talk*, included a chapter on Howlette and other deep undercovers, the bureau "zeroed in time after time on a certain political innocence, a blank slate." Howlette fit the mold. He'd joined the military at seventeen, when lunch counters and just about everything else were segregated, and left it when the March on Washington was last year's news. He told me that by the time he moved to New York, in the summer of 1964, he'd "pretty much missed the civil rights movement."

Howlette had never been to Harlem before he was sent to report on rallies there. Many of the protests he attended were halfhearted, haphazard affairs. It was his job to note when talk moved to action, when politics shifted to crime, as when one firebrand speaker urged those in attendance to "kiss the cops with razor blades." Unserious people such as the firebrand, who once appeared dressed as a sort of reverse Klansman, in a black hood and robe, might nonetheless be capable of causing serious harm.

The racism that enraged the crowd was real, as Howlette knew well. A straight-A student in high school, he told me that he left Richmond for the Air Force because he wouldn't have been able to get a job "delivering groceries on a bicycle" if he'd stayed. Racial tensions had been rising all over the country. Howlette joined BOSS the same year as the riots in Watts, which saw thirty-four people killed, more than three thousand arrested, and several square miles of Los Angeles ravaged by arson.

As a regular at the rallies, Howlette didn't have to wait long before a man approached him to ask, "Do you want to come to a secret meeting?" From then on, he spent a great deal of time with Herman Ferguson, the assistant principal of a public school and a leader of RAM. The group saw Moscow as the weak sister to Beijing. When Khrushchev "blinked" during the Cuban missile crisis, most of the world viewed the escape from Armageddon with terrified relief. For RAM, it was a wasted opportunity.

The notion that there might be some remedy for racism that fell short of nuclear war allowed Howlette to maintain a philosophical distance from his associates. And he was appalled by Ferguson's plan to transform street gangs into shock troops. One of the few times Howlette betrayed any emotion was when I asked him if he had mixed feelings, then or now. "No! What they were doing to the youth was the worst. They didn't want civil rights. They wanted *revolution!*"

The same qualities that made Howlette attractive to BOSS appealed to the radical underground. Both looked with favor on his intelligence, his ambition, his familiarity with weapons, and his lack of local ties. He helped set up the Jamaica Rifle and Pistol Club, which grew to some fifteen members who practiced at ranges around the city every week. Eventually, they obtained recognition from the NRA, which supplied them with a carbine and free ammunition. Howlette joined Ferguson in meetings with other groups, and he once rode with Betty Shabazz, Malcolm X's widow, to one of RAM's drills.

Though the club members shared a political outlook, Ferguson was careful to restrict dangerous conversations to smaller, more trusted coteries. It was widely known that the NYPD and the FBI had spies everywhere. Still, in the circles within circles, they talked explicitly about attacking cops with hatchets. They cross-indexed the locations of gas stations and subway stops on maps, with a view toward flooding the tunnels with fuel and setting them on fire. Though politics was shifting to crime, talk hadn't shifted into action, aside from the accumulation of weapons.

Talk was dangerous enough for Howlette, who was instructed to record as much of it as possible. But he had to do a James Bond job with Austin Powers gadgets, as he found when he discovered a surprising feature of the boxy tape recorder that barely fit under his arm. A blinking red light signaled when the tape ran out. His handler noticed it when they met on a subway platform, and a review of the tape suggested that it had been flashing for some time. Fortunately, Howlette had been wearing a sweater, and his friends had been too preoccupied with devising mayhem to see the Christmas ornament in his armpit.

BOSS told Howlette not to tell anyone about his job, but the urgency of secrecy was undercut by the fact that they hadn't given him an alias. Ferguson knew him by his real name. Once, Howlette was walking down the street with a coconspirator named Arthur Harris when he passed a favorite five-year-old nephew. "Hey, Uncle Ed!" the boy shouted. His father knew enough to tug his hand and tell him to be quiet.

By that point Ferguson had chosen Howlette and Harris to help him assassinate Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young, the heads of the NAACP and the Urban League. The two civil rights leaders had drawn Ferguson's ire for criticizing the nascent Black Power movement, which had rejected nonviolence. The three-man RAM cell immediately set to work hashing out the details—it was decided that they'd gun the men down, even if they were with their wives—but weeks into their plan, Ferguson made a grim announcement: RAM had been infiltrated by an undercover cop.

Howlette's stunned expression likely served him well, and every potential error that he or BOSS could have made flashed through his mind. Ferguson went on to say that the authorities were in possession of RAM's closely held "Community Self-Defense" literature, which included diagrams for building Molotov-cocktail launchers. He promised that he would get to the bottom of things, and that the consequences for treachery would be severe. It had to be the FBI or the CIA, Ferguson reckoned; local cops weren't sophisticated enough to get so close to him.

Howlette was relieved, but months would pass before he learned how Ferguson knew about the spy. A fellow undercover had volunteered to be a double agent. Howlette was constitutionally immune to an identity crisis, but one of his unknown partners had apparently come down with a very bad case of one. Though BOSS had a strict protocol to ensure that its undercovers never knew one another—for safety's sake, and to provide multiple sources of reporting—someone had left out paperwork referring to the infiltration. Howlette was at a National Guard armory in Brooklyn one day with Ferguson and a few others when the double agent tried to join them on the shooting range. Ferguson threw him out. How could you trust anyone who betrayed his own people?

In June 1967, the RAM case was taken down. Ferguson had ten rifles and a machine gun in his house, and the fifteen others charged brought the evidentiary haul to thirty weapons, more than a thousand rounds of ammunition, pipe bombs, and 275 bags of



TOP: At the time, the **Panther 21** trial was the longest and most expensive criminal prosecution in New York's history. BOTTOM: A Black Panther demonstration. INSET: **Tom Wolfe** satirized celebrity support for the Panthers in *New York*.



heroin. A year later, Ferguson and Harris went on trial together. They were the only defendants convicted among the sixteen, thanks largely to the testimony of Howlette, who was praised for his "calm demeanor" by *The New York Times*. The Queens DA called him "the perfect undercover."

It was around this time that the Wanted poster circulated, showing Howlette, another undercover, and an unidentified woman. The fourth person on the poster was the failed double agent. He resigned from the police department, but the radicals still branded him an enemy of the people.

This past summer, I went down to my union, the Detectives' Endowment Association, to ask around about other black undercovers. My old friend Sam Katz told me about Cleave Bethea, a detective who was seriously wounded in a shootout with members of the Black Liberation Army in the early seventies. Though Bethea wasn't an undercover, Katz sent me an article she had written about him for the union magazine. As I flipped through the pages, I came across a letter from Thomas Coghlan, an NYPD detective who had written a dissertation in clinical psychology about the subjective inner experiences of long-term undercovers.

Coghlan interviewed four "deeps," as he called them. (None were identified in any recognizable detail, in keeping with academic practice, but they weren't NYPD.) All were transformed by the work, often brutally so. Those who went in with the firm conviction that the difference between good guys and bad was as clearly defined as the squares on a chessboard experienced the most cognitive dissonance. Few cops would have any qualms about locking up a heroin trafficker; few wouldn't if they'd spent time with the trafficker's six-year-old kid. All four came to realize that there were "good bad guys" and "bad bad guys," and that there was a difference between the criminal and the crime. Three out of four reported mistreatment by their agencies. One deep told of having her car break down and calling the office for help. Her colleagues in law enforcement couldn't be bothered, so she called her new criminal friends, who happily obliged her with a lift. When she was sick at home, she knew who would bring soup. It wasn't the cops.

Though Coghlan's subjects were exposed to constant physical threat, their internal battles were just as punishing. It's hard to go from being a warlord in a biker gang on Friday to coaching Little League on Saturday. It's harder still to tell your kid that you can't coach for the next couple of months or years. But what might be the hardest part is realizing how much fun it is to be a biker warlord. There can be a playground joy to these inventions, Method actorish or therapeutic, with a punch-the-pillow kind of release.

Several of the deeps were disturbed by how easily they learned to lie, by how naturally they took to deception. When I called Coghlan recently, he told me that newer cops tended to suffer more in these assignments because they hadn't formed an identity that might withstand the personal, moral, and social challenges that arose. For BOSS, the lack of training was an essential part of the program, which amounted to a high-risk improv class.

In Count's *Cop Talk*, all of the undercovers spoke glowingly of how they were handled. No one was told to do anything more than report what they saw, no one was pushed to take risks beyond what would make them comfortable or keep them safe. Those who chose to leave faced no recriminations from the department. Several spoke with great affection of one handler, Tony Ulasewicz, who was revered for his savvy, his sympathy, and his strategic gifts. "Tony U" went on to become one of Nixon's bagmen during Watergate. He beat the rap.

BOSS didn't pick dummies. One of the white undercovers, Bill Clark, went into television, eventually becoming an executive producer of *NYPD Blue*. (The character of Sipowicz, a Vietnam vet and former deep undercover, is based in part on him.) A black undercover named Cornelius Black shear became a federal judge.

Others didn't fare as well. Gene Roberts, a black undercover interviewed by Count, told her that his behavior alarmed his parents, who "thought I had flipped over and really had become what I was portraying." When his parents asked him if he'd changed, he replied, "No, I'm still me, but I'm just trying to stay alive." He went on, "I used to tell 'em, 'I got a little girl that likes to see her daddy come home.' And that was my attitude. Tried to keep my game face on."

Roberts was a young Navy vet when he was recruited by BOSS in April 1964, and he spent almost six years undercover before he was publicly and painfully identified as a cop. Soon after joining BOSS, he was sent to report on Malcolm X. Malcolm had just broken from the Nation of Islam, discarding the ugly racial dogma that had alarmed white liberals as well as the crackpot religious rigmarole that had embarrassed leftists of every color. He had less than a year to live.

Roberts spent a great deal of time in Malcolm's close company, as part of his security detail. He was recognized for his quiet competence and the sincerity of his allegiance, which was unfeigned—he came to admire Malcolm with fervor. Manning Marable has written that "Malcolm and the NYPD had already reached a practical detente" by then, at least in terms of coordinating security for public events. Although that hardly amounted to an invitation to surveillance, for Roberts there was a blissful absence of conflict between his missions. He didn't see himself as being behind enemy lines. Malcolm wasn't plotting to flood the subways with gasoline. Roberts could gladly relay what he heard to Tony U, secure in the belief that it did no one any harm. And as the death threats by the Nation of Islam became more vicious and vocal, he could uphold his oath to serve and protect, keeping faith with those who knew him as Brother Gene and with those who knew him as Officer Roberts.

Neither of his employers seemed committed to saving Malcolm's life. At public events, Roberts scanned the crowd, and he warned BOSS about a gathering threat. Malcolm directed all but one of his security detail to stop carrying guns, and he ordered them not to search members of the audience, as had been their practice. He requested that the NYPD curtail the number of uniformed officers at his rallies. The department heeded his entreaty despite the urgent pleadings of its own inside man. After another defector from the Nation was shot in the Bronx, where Roberts lived with his wife and infant daughter, he sent the baby to stay with relatives. Some measure of how torn Roberts's family was by the case and the cause is suggested by the fact that his wife, Joan, joined him at the Audubon Ballroom on February 21, 1965.

Roberts was offstage, on a break, when a diversionary scuffle in the ballroom broke out—*"Get your hand out of my pocket!"*—that allowed three men to rush the stage. They opened fire. Roberts threw a chair at one of them, Talmadge Hayer, and knocked him down. When Hayer shot at him, Roberts jumped, and the bullet passed through his jacket as it swung open. After the crowd grabbed Hayer and began to beat him, Roberts ran back to Malcolm, who lay dying onstage. Desperate, Roberts attempted mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. When he realized he had failed, he turned to Betty Shabazz and told her that her husband was dead.

A picture of Malcolm and Roberts in that futile embrace ran in *Life* magazine. Marable writes, "Joan Roberts was deeply traumatized by Malcolm's assassination and her husband's near death. She wept uncontrollably in the taxi as she went home with her husband. Forty years later, Gene Roberts observed that 'the horror of that incident stayed with her for years.'" It is difficult to believe that Gene wasn't speaking of himself as well.

Roberts was promoted to detective, and he drifted along undercover for the next three years, dismissing the self-proclaimed rebels he met as loudmouths and wannabes. He'd known the real thing, and both the radicals and the department respected his opinion. He was like a talent scout on the hunt for the next great voice, but no one he met could carry a tune.

When he became a founding member of the New York chapter of the Black Panther Party, in July 1968, he saw little to alter his opinion. Over the next year, his reports to BOSS were pithy and derisive. "Nothing significant, usual black power rhetoric." He must have been almost as surprised as the Panthers when twenty-one of them were charged with conspiring to blow up several police precincts, part of a railroad, the Bronx Botanical Garden, and five Manhattan department stores. After the DA announced the arrests, the city believed it had escaped an ambitious and devastating series of coordinated attacks. But Roberts had taken the lead in the department store operation, and no one he knew had done anything more than window shop.

At the time, the "Panther 21" trial was the longest and most expensive criminal prosecution in the history of New York. Two years passed from the first arrests to the verdict, the jury voted not guilty on all counts after two hours of deliberation. In terms of theatrics, *People of the State of New York* v. *Lumumba Shakur, et al.* made *People of the State of California* v. *Orenthal James Simpson* seem no more thrilling than a Tuesday at traffic court. No one firebombed the judge's house during the O.J. trial, and neither O.J. nor his counsel was in the habit of shouting that Lance Ito was a racist, a fascist, a faggot, or a "dried-up cracker in female robes."

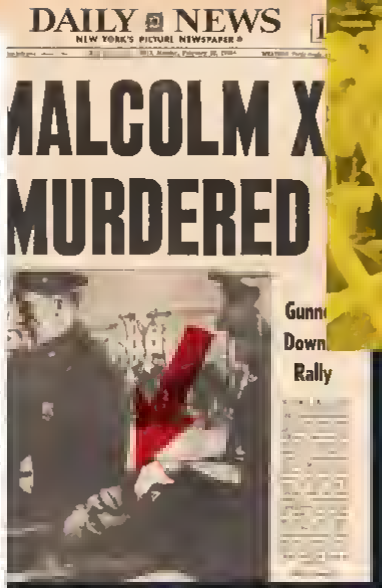
Panther 21 saw bail jumping, a jail riot, an escape to Algeria, and a murderous feud between Panther factions. A police informant whose sworn testimony provided the basis for wiretaps was revealed to be an escaped mental patient. Jane Fonda paid one defendant's bail; other celebrity supporters of the Panthers inspired Tom Wolfe to coin the term "radical chic" in a stinging essay.

Despite the overheated rhetoric and slapstick missteps, there was a substantive case to be made against the Panthers, or at least half a case. Roberts was only one of several police infiltrators, and an undercover colleague had managed to steal some dynamite that Lumumba Shakur had stashed, switching the real sticks for duds before bombs were planted at police stations. A Panther sniper team was assigned to pick off cops as they fled from one precinct—the Forty-fourth, my old home—after the planned explosion, but a pair of highway police happened upon them where they'd parked and guessed that they had car trouble. A gunfight ensued, though no one was hit, and the snipers escaped.

The prosecutors' solid case was compromised by the shadiness and strangeness that had marked the investigation from the beginning. One of the cops in the shootout claimed that his memo book had been perforated by a bullet, though it was undamaged. What's more, the dynamite supplied to Shakur had come from an erstwhile FBI informant who had neglected to mention the deal to his handlers.

Gene Roberts had never testified in open court before he was kept on the stand for six weeks. The group portrait of the accused that emerged from his wry and wary testimony was one of rebels without a clue, and if he was unhelpful to the prosecution as a witness, he was (continued on page 124)

The Panther 21 trial saw BAIL JUMPING, a jail RIOT, an ESCAPE to Algeria, and a MUROEROUS FEUO between Panther factions. A police INFORMANT whose testimony provided the basis for wiretaps was revealed to be an ESCAPEO MENTAL PATIENT.





TOP LEFT **Malcolm X** was murdered on February 21, 1965. TOP RIGHT One of Malcolm X's followers kneels at his side after **Gene Roberts** tried to save his life. BOTTOM A 1963 confrontation with police.



Q: What's the right way to cover DWYANE WADE?

A: *In a* WELL-TAILORED JACKET, *of course.*

But not just any jacket. Wade knows what fits a guy with an athletic build. (Something any guy who hits the gym can appreciate.) More important, Wade knows what he likes. So he called on Dan and Dean Caten of Dsquared2, and the three of them got to work.

We know what you're thinking. A three-time NBA champion walked out of the locker room, signed a contract without looking, and slapped his name on some label called Dsquared2. But let us stop you right there. For one thing, Dwyane Wade is good friends with Dsquared2 designers Dan and Dean Caten—drop-by-the-house friends. For another, the six-four, 220-pound Chicago Bulls guard is a serious student of fashion. Has been for years.

It started with his stylist, Calyann Barnett. "Everybody thinks that they can dress themselves," he says. "But she got me to try some new things, and that made a big difference." By the time Wade's style was getting as much coverage as his game, he was ready to go deeper. So in 2011, Barnett took him to Milan to see the shows, and he found something special at Dsquared2. "That was my favorite. It was more like a party," he says. He met the designers, he looked great in their clothes, and soon they became friends. "He's got a great sense of style," the twins say. "Between the three of us, we have a cool fashion-sport relationship." When Wade married Gabrielle Union three years later, he did so in a custom Dsquared2 tux.

Over lunch at his house, Wade expressed interest in designing something with the Catens, maybe a single piece. Many conversations, sketches, and plane flights later, they've created a nine-piece capsule collection, ranging from slim-cut wool sweats and soft denim shirts to a silvered camouflage tux jacket. (Wade's wearing it at right.) "We've collaborated with other people before, but never to this extent," the Catens say. "This was really a joint vision."

Saks felt like the right retailer, for all the same reasons the collection exists in the first place: good relationships. "I'd met with Dwyane earlier this summer," says Eric Jennings, VP and men's fashion director at Saks. "He's got credibility, not just as an athlete but as a style icon." Dsquared2 is already popular in the store, so the capsule collection felt "like the stars were aligned," says Jennings, who notes how well the collection suits athletic guys like Wade. The pants are fuller in the thighs, then taper down the leg: a cut that feels fashionable but still comfortable.

That's something Wade can appreciate. "My butt's a little bigger than some people's, I guess. Sometimes you gotta have things taken in," he says. "But you'd be surprised how much I can wear off the rack. When I get the right fit, I feel like myself. I have a certain attitude, a certain swagger." Now you can, too. —*Jon Roth*

On Wade: Jacket, shirt, bow tie, trousers, and shoes by Dsqusred2
On Dan (left) and Dean (right): Shirts, trousers, and shoes by Dsqusred2
Photograph by **Bob Metelus**



KIDS AREN'T US

ESQUIRE'S SANJIV BHATTACHARYA HAS REACHED HIS MID-FORTIES WITHOUT HAVING KIDS. NOW IT LOOKS LIKE HE PROBABLY WON'T EVER BE A FATHER. AND HE'S FINE WITH THAT. ISN'T HE?

I like a house party as much as the next guy. But this one? Not so much. The dress code appears to be bibs and blankets. People are drinking warm milk, which they can barely keep down. And it's hard to get a conversation going. I tried chatting with the host just now—let's call him Leo—but he barely said a word. Mostly he just held my finger.

Leo turned one today. Hence the party—a swarm of moms and babies giving it the full coochie-coo. It's not my usual Saturday afternoon, but his parents are friends of mine and I haven't seen them in ages. We used to play tennis together and drink Scotch in this very apartment. But then Leo moved in, canceling tennis, and now our single-malt tasting room is literally crawling with his closest friends. They've filled the place with strollers, bottles, and Fisher-Price whatevers. And the music these kids are into, it's just the same song on repeat. I get it—the wheels on the bus are going round. They're *wheels*.

Being childless, I can't help feeling like an interloper at these things. Yet here we are, my wife and I, looking a bit lost and wondering if it's too soon to make an exit. This is the realm of women with papooses, grandmothers playing peekaboo, and dads who hover like the Secret Service, ready to catch or grab at a moment's notice. We childless friends from a former life get spun out, as though by centrifuge, to the fringes of the party, the farthest orbits of irrelevance. So we stand on the sidelines, observing the parents across a gulf, perplexed that such a distance should have opened up so quickly.

"Want to hold him?" This always happens. A well-meaning parent tries to throw us a line before it's too late. In this case, it's Leo's uncle. He hands me his own baby boy, who starts pawing my face. It's only a matter of time now. "Why don't you and Mrs. B make a baby?" he says. "Best thing I ever did."

And there it is. The casual approach. Rather than tiptoe up to the question like a bomb that might go off at any minute, just toss it out there like it's nothing. *Did you see the game last night? Ever thought of having a child?* I could pause at this point, look at my shoes, and concoct some awful story about "the third



miscarriage." But why make a production out of it? It's much better to just whip out my phone, show him pictures of the dogs, and say, "We've already got our hands full with these two." Keep it breezy. He'll say, "Awww, cute, is that a Bo[illegible]er?" And I'll say, "Her[illegible]," and he'll as[illegible] Why [illegible] and the wa[illegible] topic w[illegible] averte[illegible]

But d[illegible] I mean h[illegible]

"I'm just [illegible] prebaby figure,' I re[illegible]

"Seriously, though, yo[illegible] have a reason. Is it medical? I mean, you could always adopt…"

It's not that he means to be rude. He just doesn't realize—and neither did the cabdriver, the insurance broker, the FedEx guy, or any of the others—that this question has tendrils extending into every corner of a man's life. If you yank this thread, the whole coat unravels, leaving me standing there naked for all to see. Which is not a good look—especially at a baby's birthday party.

Nonparents are pariahs. The stereotypes aren't kind. Women are careerist and cold. Men are feckless and immature. Both are traitors to their nature.

I never thought I'd be this guy, the weird guy at the party without kids. But then, I never thought I'd be the other guy, either. I just didn't think, which explains a lot. I suspect that for many men, fatherhood is a distant train on the horizon that eventually pulls into the station, either by accident or by design. But it never loomed for me. Growing up, all I knew was that I didn't want to be like the adults I saw every day: my parents. Not because they're bad people—they're not—but because they were unhappy. We all were.

They'd had an arranged marriage. In the seventies, within the space of fourteen days, my father met my mother, married her, and then moved with her from West Bengal to south London, where strikes were crippling the country. They'd each lived through hardship before, particularly my mother, but there were no friends or family around this time; they were in it alone. And to cap it all, they didn't get along.

In our home, a child wasn't a delight but rather a burden. If my family were a triptych, it would open with my father scowling in front of the television, followed by my mother seething in the kitchen, and then me in my room, dreaming of escape, each of us pro[illegible] I spent eighteen [illegible] their resent[illegible] on my [illegible] that only thicke[illegible] [illegible]ways see[illegible] 3[illegible] cally c[illegible] typical. For [illegible] childhood is as ma[illegible] to have kids as it is a det[illegible] Instead of avoiding family life, I might easily have resolved to create the happy family I never had. Conversely, plenty of childless people come from perfectly happy homes. Everyone reaches this decision by following their own path. No two snowflakes are alike.

I learned this from hanging out on the Childless by Choice Project Facebook page. It's a small group, with around fourteen hundred members, about four fifths of them are women, which is standard for the nonparent subculture. They're a feisty lot, defiant and defensive, as though a stand were being taken and parents and nonparents were somehow at odds, each sniping at the other. You're selfish! No, *you're* selfish!

Popular posts often show children or parents in a negative light—a story about a delinquent mother, say, or a video of a toddler throwing a tantrum in a restaurant (sample caption: "Your child should be in commercials…for Trojan"). Parents are called "breeders," a term of contempt. Nonparents are described as "child-free," which they prefer to "childless," since it denotes liberty rather than lack while placing children in the same syntactic class as gluten, smoke, and STDs.

Laura Scott, the Florida life coach who founded the page, says her members are just reacting to the stigma of childlessness. But the antipathy toward children is real. Scott, for instance, is a perfectly pleasant woman who genuinely doesn't want to hold your baby. "Anyone under the age of twelve," she says, "I just don't have an affinity for." And more dyspeptic voices are easily found. "I call them small mammals," says Paul, a scientist from Oxford, England, in his fifties. "They don't give me or my wife any warm feelings. Parents make these nebulous statements about the deep positive stuff that children bring into your life, but that's all bullshit—justification after the fact."

I SUSPECT THAT FOR MANY MEN, FATHERHOOD IS A DISTANT TRAIN ON THE HORIZON THAT EVENTUALLY PULLS INTO THE STATION, EITHER BY ACCIDENT OR BY DESIGN. BUT IT NEVER LOOMED FOR ME.

The likes of Laura and Paul are not as aberrant as you might think. Birth rates are dropping in most developed countries. And for the first time ever, there's actually a sound moral argument to be made for not procreating. The planet needs a breather, and going childless is as green as it gets. I could leave a stretch Hummer idling in my driveway all day while burning tires in my backyard and I'd still do less damage than your average dad.

But the eco-argument is seldom the real reason for going childless. At best, it's a shield against the critics. My reasons, like everyone else's, are personal. For me, it was self actualization in the Maslowian sense—the drive to fulfill our creative potential and be all that we can be. This is the narrative of our times. Rather than producing the next generation for tribe, faith, or country—allegiances that are losing their hold—we are loyal to ourselves first in order to pursue happiness and maximize our lives. We live longer than ever; the world's knowledge is at our fingertips. This is the age of the life hack, the bucket list, and that greedy phrase "having it all." So the question becomes, Will a child enhance that ride or derail it?

This may not be as self-indulgent as it sounds. If I haven't found happiness myself, how can I pass it on to a child? Childlessness is often framed as selfishness, but there's no arguing with the Philip Larkin poem "This Be the Verse": "They fuck you up, your mum and dad / They may not mean to, but they do." Increasingly, the famous physician's oath—first do no harm—seems the wisest course.



And there's something irresistible about seeing life as being full of potential. It's the essence of youth. I listen to house music on the treadmill. I know all the words to "Hotline Bling." I take comfort in the delusion that my clay hasn't set yet and my possibilities in this life are many. Parents are beholden and encumbered. But I'm free to wander as I please, or so I like to think.

Will Self once said that until you have children, you are essentially a fictional character. You can always write yourself a plot twist, change your name, change your life. But children put an end to all that—they require parents to be pillars of consistency so that the life of possibilities is now theirs. I've never quite shaken off the sense that a child might be the death of hope for me. There's the teenage terror of closing doors that were once open, whether we went through them or not.

Besides, when my wife and I first discussed it, we had no room for a child, quite literally. We were practically living in a studio. We'd both gotten a late start in a dicey line of work—she writes scripts, I write articles. And we were free agents, living that wobbly life of feast, then famine, then more famine, then okay, that's enough famine, I'm not kidding, it's getting cold in here. Bringing a child into our home would have been like chucking a baby onto a roller coaster.

We're on a steadier ship today, no doubt. And adoption hasn't been entirely ruled out. But we view it the way a wingsuit daredevil assesses the weather before leaping off a mountain—the conditions need to be perfect. Can we afford nannies and sitters and private school and soccer camp? Will we have time to play catch and watch endless reruns of *Barney & Friends*? Every time, we end up in full agreement that one of us will have to be the stay at home parent. At which point it goes quiet and I usually receive an email that can't wait. "Sorry, dear, can we do this later? Banana Republic is offering 40 percent off—"

I think I'd make a decent uncle, since uncles get to go home afterward. But fatherhood is 24/7, good days and bad. And a child doesn't need my bad days. I worry that my baggage will go once more around the carousel, and one day my child might be on a therapist's couch talking about me.

"Oh, don't worry, we all fuck them up!" That's what other dads tell me. They're so cavalier, and I like that about them. A spot of psychological damage is par for the course.

In 2013, *Time* magazine published a cover with the headline "The Childfree Life: When Having It All Means Not Having Children," featuring a smug couple on a beach living the high life. This is a common perception of the childless. They're people who surveyed the options and chose self-gratification, a life without responsibilities. I made no such choice. My life tumbles along and I blunder through, making choices that can't be unchosen; this is true, but childlessness wasn't one of them. It was a consequence, a side effect, not a goal. Although I try to deny it, life in the end is a winnowing of options as we become the product of our decisions, whether we meant to or not. And in this way, the reasons for not having children have accumulated through the years, like snow against a barn door. Leave it long enough and it just won't open anymore.

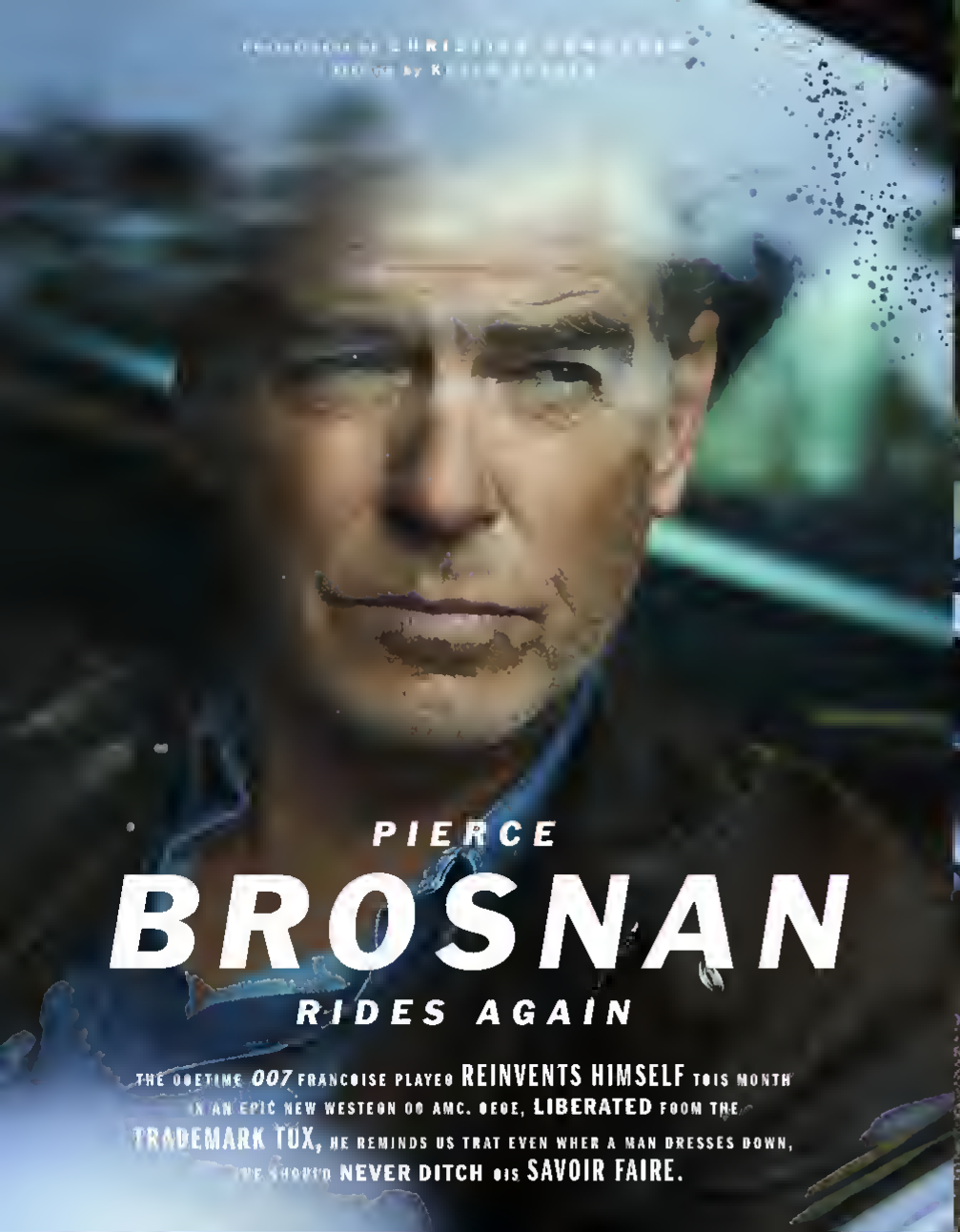
THIS IS THE AGE OF THAT GREEOY PHRASE "HAVING IT ALL." THE QUESTION BECOMES, WILL A CHILO ENHANCE THAT RIOE OR OERAIL IT?

Lately—this shows you how conflicted I am—I've been thinking that parenting might actually be the best path to self-actualization. We were driving home a while back—my wife, the dogs, and I—when the traffic narrowed to one lane, slowing to a crawl. From every direction children flooded into the street, all dressed in Halloween costumes, these adorable little Batmen and Tinker Bells. And it was such a life-affirming scene, I felt the sadness in my chest. The path not taken has seldom looked so picturesque.

These poignant moments, they happen all the time. Families are inescapable—in malls, on billboards, on television. From my desk at home, I hear the sound of recess from a primary school at the bottom of the hill: yelping and chasing and playing. The usual questions churn: *Who am I doing this for? Why do I exist? What use is all my self actualization if I can't dump it all onto a small child?*

We went home that night and hugged our dogs extra tight. We didn't dress them up as zombies, but maybe next year. Maybe that's what happens to people like us. The childless often call other things "babies," and there's no question that Onion and Cujo are our furry surrogates. Dogs won't end up on a therapist's couch.

It's also true that they won't visit us as we wither away in a nursing home. They won't say "Daddy" or graduate or give us grandchildren. But this is our life, and we must embrace it. Although I'll miss out on the joys of Halloween, I can at least create "book babies," an idea I've always liked. After all, childlessness offers what books require: acres of time and silence. Only it's never quite silent for me. There's always the sound of recess. ■



PIERCE BROSNAN RIDES AGAIN

THE ONETIME *007* FRANCHISE PLAYED REINVENTS HIMSELF THIS MONTH IN AN EPIC NEW WESTERN ON AMC. HERE, LIBERATED FROM THE TRADEMARK TUX, HE REMINDS US THAT EVEN WHEN A MAN DRESSES DOWN, HE SHOULD NEVER DITCH HIS SAVOIR FAIRE.



...Blazer (...57) and shirt (...45) by Brunello Cucinelli; this page: trench coat ($1,795) and shirt ($1,295) by Ermenegildo Zegna; jeans ($295) by AG; boots ($225) by Viberg; Camaro: 1967 Mustang GT500.



STRAIGHT
SHOOTER

"Shall we talk about what I do about those bloody Mexicans? How I keep those troublemakers out?" Pierce Brosnan says as the television in the lounge of the Soho House outpost in Malibu loops the news that Mexico's president Enrique Peña Nieto has canceled his planned visit with Donald Trump.

As Brosnan points us toward a sun-drenched corner table overlooking the Pacific, I ask what his brand of border enforcement entails. "String them up and torture them—hang them, take their property," he says, letting loose a dark laugh.

To be fair, he isn't talking about himself but rather his latest character. On the dark, violent, blisteringly intense *The Son* (debuting April 8), AMC's adaptation of Philipp Meyer's 2013 novel, he plays Eli McCullough, the patriarch of a south Texas dynasty shifting from cattle into the oil business as the Mexican Revolution rages across the border. McCullough is the type of man who hangs one Mexican ranch hand and slays another often their political activities collide with his ambitions.

"Rather more relevant than we even expected, isn't it?" Brosnan says, arching an eyebrow.

As the title suggests, *The Son* concerns the fraught legacies passed from father to son, including the scars inflicted by Eli's absent father. "I know what it's like to bring up sons"—Brosnan, sixty-three, has four of them—"and it can be a very arduous road," he says. "My fatherly instincts are purely my own. They relate back to no one, because there was no one."

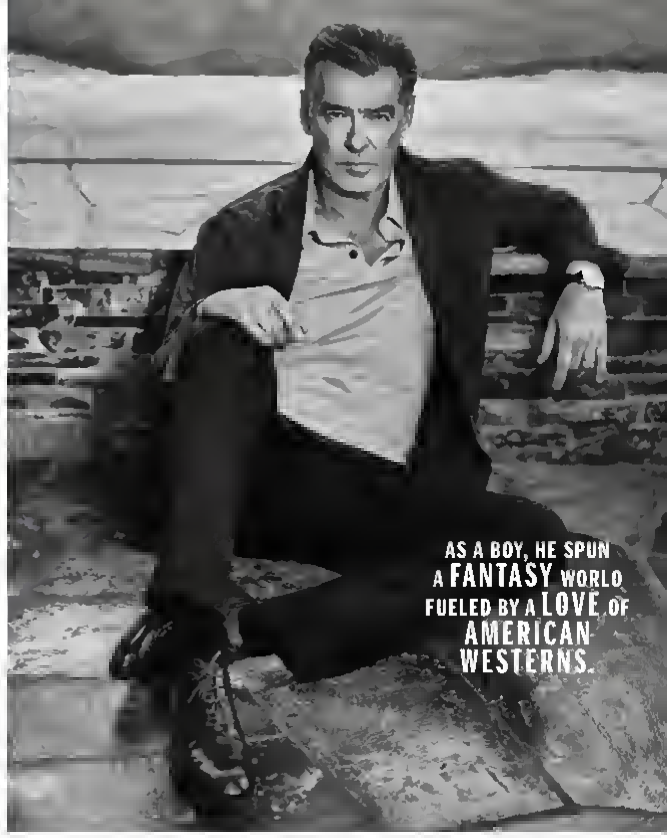
His father abandoned the family when Brosnan was an infant in a small riverside village in Ireland. His mother left for London to find work; he lived with his relatives and then shared a room in a boardinghouse. "There were two lodgers—workingmen—one in the factory and one in the sawmill," he recalls. "I had a metal bed with a curtain around it. That was my room and my haven and my space." It was there—largely alone, save for his imagination—that he spun a fantasy world fueled by a love of American Westerns, which planted the seed for his future career.

When Brosnan was thirty-one, his father briefly resurfaced. "I only met Tom once," he says. It was in 1984, when, at Brosnan's suggestion, *Remington Steele*, the detective procedural that made him famous, filmed an episode in Ireland. "I had a Sunday afternoon with him," he says. "A story about this and that, had a few pints of Guinness, and we said goodbye." Brosnan squints in the sunlight. "I would have loved to have known him. He was a good whistler, and he had a good walk. . . . That's as much as I know about him."

Whereas his best-known characters—Remington Steele, Thomas Crown, James Bond—are rakish and aristocratic, Brosnan is wry and reticent in person. Such stoic reserve is born of a life sorely tested. He lost his first wife, Cassandra, to ovarian cancer in 1991 and their daughter, Charlotte, to the same disease in 2013. (He got remarried in 2001, to Keely Shaye Smith, a television personality turned environmental activist and documentarian.) A year ago, ovarian cancer also claimed the life of his producing partner, Beau Maria St. Clair. "I don't look at the cup as half full, believe me," Brosnan says. "The dark, melancholy Irish black dog sits beside me from time to time."

Yet he's been able to find equanimity as of late. Brosnan is a prolific painter, and he is learning to appreciate downtime. "My days are full in a leisurely sort of way," he says. "This morning I worked out, read *The New York Times*, enjoyed watching my wife in the editing room. Then came to meet you." When he's not filming, he splits his time between what he considers his greatest indulgences: the two houses he and Smith own in Malibu and Hawaii. "You don't need a big home," he says. "You need a good table to sit at, a good bed to sleep in, a view, and a great bottle of wine."

—Alex Bhattacharyi



Opposite: Jacket ($3,295) and shirt ($375) by Dolce & Gabbana; tie ($195) by Luciano Barbera at Barneys. Villeret Ultra-Slim watch by Blancpain. This page: Jacket ($5,495), shirt ($1,895), and jeans ($495) by Giorgio Armani; shoes ($1,390) by Tom Ford; Villeret Ultra-Slim watch by Blancpain; socks by Pantherella.



Opposite Jacket ($4 790) jeans ($570), and boots ($1 690) by Tom Ford; shirt ($135) and T shirt ($50) by Boss. This page Jacket ($5 990) and jeans ($680) by Tom Ford; sweater ($595) by Canali; Villeret Ultra Slim watch by Blancpain

For store information see page 127. Production by Steve Bauerfeind for Sauerfeind Produktions Inc. Grooming by Mira Choi Hyde for the Wall Group.

GOODBYE, MY BROTHER

(continued from page 90)



left eye, sunglasses down. The photo shows him in Ramadi, strutting along a highway flanked by the skeletal wreckage of buildings, his men trailing behind him. Gesturing upward, presumably at the enemy, his hand is formed into a karate chop. "I took a grenade fragment in my eye," he says. "It's still there. And on that day, I realized my purpose in life: I love fighting more than anything else."

After a tour of his barracks, armory, and motor pool—the last of which is filled with bullet-riddled Humvees and the occasional ballistic windshield shattered by rifle fire—I find myself chatting with one of his troopers, a slim but debonair man with a sunken chest and tobacco stained teeth. He speaks perfect English and is the regiment's joint tactical air controller, meaning he is qualified to call in airstrikes from Western warplanes. He calls himself Maximus, a nod to Russell Crowe's character in *Gladiator*. It seems the SEALs' talent for self-promotion has rubbed off on their Iraqi counterparts. Maximus, one of the most well-trained troopers in this unit, is also his regiment's press liaison. He follows us around wearing a khaki safari vest with MEDIA OFFICER embroidered on the chest.

"I used to work with the Marines," he says. "Three-seven, one-nine, two-eight—those are my boys." I tell him I was with one-eight, otherwise known as the 1st Battalion of the 8th Marine Regiment. "Right on, man," he says, his head nodding in a rhythmic groove. We chat about Fallujah, Ramadi, and our respective battles in these cities. When I offer my hand, he shakes it before rotating his palm and pulling me in for an American bro hug.

Soon we are back on the road, driving toward Fallujah. "What did you think?" Tahrir asks. Before I can answer, he continues, "They're as good as most Americans."

I can't disagree, but the conclusion is unsettling. With select units like the Special Tactical Regiment, the United States has managed to create a security apparatus built in its own image. These elite groups are well trained and well equipped and have won decisive battles against the Islamic State in Fallujah and Ramadi. They will likely do the same in Mosul. But winning battles was never the U.S. military's problem. The problem was always what came after, the rebuilding.

As the sun descends, the rubbled outskirts of Fallujah come into view. We pull over by Moonlight Supermarket so that Hawre can take a few more photographs before we return to Baghdad. Hawre wanders across the street, followed by Tahrir, who is soon surrounded by residents. His uniform seems to confuse them. I imagine they have mistaken him for a member of the local police and are accosting him with questions about when, if ever, basic services will return to their city.

While Fityan speaks to our Iraqi escort, I notice a broken cinder-block wall on the back side of the supermarket. It forms a corner, maybe three feet on one side and five on the other, and rises a little higher than my knees. I crouch behind it, into a familiar position. When our platoon escaped from the candy store twelve years ago, I found myself pinned behind this tiny wall for about twenty minutes as we struggled to advance deeper into Fallujah. A flood of memories returns. The clattering of tank treads. The panicked squelch of radio traffic. The terrified, uncomprehending looks of the Marines around me. How by that afternoon I had shouted myself hoarse and was reduced to issuing orders under fire in a depleted whisper. I glance over the wall, toward the mayor's complex, to the void in the sky where the High Rise once stood, the place where Dan was killed. I reach over to the wall's far side. Under my hand, I can feel tiny gouges. My fingertips read them like braille. I wonder if they were made that day in 2004.

I occasionally still play chess. During a game with a Turkish friend at a café in Istanbul, I once reiterated Dan's words, explaining as I took a piece that life was like chess. My friend laughed at me. "No, it's not." He gestured toward another table where players rolled dice from a cup across a board. "Life is backgammon. The game takes skill, but it also takes luck." As he said this, I thought about the bullet that found Dan. I often think about the bullet that never found me.

When I return to Fityan and our Iraqi escort by the car, they are silent for a moment until the soldier asks what I was looking at.

I tell him that I've been here before. Then I explain about the candy store and the mayor's complex. He wants to know why I came back.

"To see what it was like now, I guess."

He looks at me, perplexed. "It is just as you left it."

TWO DAYS LATER, Hawre and I are driving again, fixed along the boulevard in Bartella, on the outskirts of Mosul. The town is burning. Noxious columns of smoke lift upward, like stitches fastening earth to sky. Yesterday Hawre and I left Baghdad and headed north to join the offensive. Now, around 2:00 P.M., our Toyota HiLux is stopped on the shoulder of the road, alongside a mélange of tanks, armored bulldozers, and black Humvees from the Iraqi Counter Terrorism Service's 1st Brigade, also known as the Golden Division. Bartella is a Christian town and the Golden Division, with its Shia flags fluttering from the back of every other vehicle, will soon liberate it from more than two years of Islamic State occupation.

Soldiers in black uniforms and black ski masks escort a pair of priests into a white Suburban, and I find myself trying to remember when, in the history of war, the good guys wore black. The priests plan to hold Mass that afternoon in the Mart Shmoni church, in the center of Bartella. As their Suburban pulls into the street, Hawre and I pull up behind them. A soldier with the Golden Division cuts us off. I offer my press credentials—a dog-eared letter from this magazine—and my passport. Hawre argues with him in Kurdish. He hands the soldier his Iraqi identification card. "He wants to keep your passport until we come out of Bartella," Hawre says.

"I'm not giving him my passport."

"Then we can't go," Hawre says. A beat passes. "Don't worry," he pleads. "I've got his cell phone number."

The soldier grins. He's missing one of his incisors and another tooth is made of gold. "I be here when you back," he tells me in choppy English. I hand him my passport and our HiLux slides behind the priests.

A day after the Golden Division launched its assault on Bartella, we hear early estimates that eighty Islamic State fighters lie dead in the town. On either side of the road, scorched swaths of dry grass spot the ground. Nearly every building is a mass of twisted rebar and collapsed cinder blocks. Snaps of rifle fire and the low percussive thuds of artillery and airstrikes can be heard in the distance, causing confused flocks of birds to leap from their perches and juke across the skyline. A sedan passes us going the opposite direction. Hunched behind its steering wheel with his eyes barely above the dashboard is a boy not much more than ten years old. Two little girls even younger than him are in the backseat. They are wearing school uniforms. We pass a road sign: MOSUL, 27KM.

Unlike Fallujah, which is sixteen square kilometers, Mosul and its environs are sprawling. The battles for Fallujah in 2004 involved little maneuver. We cleared house-to-house through dense urban blocks. This battle, by contrast, has seen movement along multiple axes of advance. We are to the east of Mosul, with the Iraqi security forces. To the north and south is the Kurdish peshmerga, as well as other units of the Iraqi security forces. Waiting in reserve is the Iranian-backed Hashd al-Shaabi, whose presence is controversial. Prime Minister Abadi has promised that only Iraq's nominally secular security forces, including the Golden Division, will participate in the final fight for Mosul itself. But if

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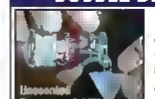


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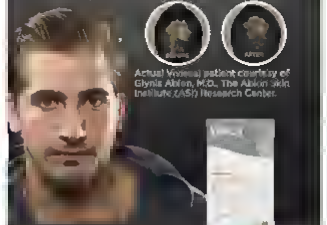


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the Islamic State proves too much for the Iraqi security forces, the peshmerga and Hasbd al-Shaabi may find themselves immersed in the battle, further inflaming sectarian tensions. What will happen inside Mosul is the question on everyone's mind.

A sergeant flags us down, instructing us to park. Hawre and I will have to travel the rest of the way on foot. Humvees and dismounted soldiers rush past us, setting up their positions in the newly liberated town. The soldiers' voices are jubilant. Several who fought this morning now strip to the waist and wash with bottled water. Others clean weapons. I meet a soldier who is working on the grenade launcher in his Humvee's turret with a rag and oil, and ask him for directions to the church. He isn't certain, but he is eager to talk. He says that the Daesh "are good with ambushes and IEDs, but not as good in conventional battle." He explains that his family is proud of him. "I have been fighting nonstop for a year, but they don't worry. If I die, I will be a martyr." He insists that I take down his name: "Maher Rashid from Baghdad." I ask him again if he knows where the church is. Before he can answer, the bells toll, for the first time in two years. "That way," he says.

Affixed to the dome on the Mart Shmoni church are two tree limbs hastily lashed together into a cross. An Iraqi flag flies from its top. There is an enormous gouge in the side of the church in the shape of a crucifix, no doubt the work of the Islamic State. Inside, upturned pews litter the nave. The altar in the sanctuary is covered in rubble but still intact. The priests continue to toll the bells. Soldiers file in and out of the ravaged church. They take selfies next to destroyed artifacts. Not even the priests think to stop them.

Between here and Mosul, there are a dozen more Bartellas to clear. The noose is tightening on the Islamic State, but gradually. Four months from now, in February, Iraqi security forces will control only the eastern half of the city. But today, the Golden Division's work is done. The discipline it maintained for the battle ebbs away, devolving into horseplay. The soldiers take off their boots and body armor and walk around in flip-flops and T-shirts. A grinning artillery gunner wears a T-shirt with a skull that reads KILL 'EM ALL LET GOD SORT 'EM OUT! Another soldier has chosen a tank top with an airbrushed portrait of a lion staring into the sunset. A burly sergeant is attempting to throw his bayonet as close as possible to his opponent's foot, in a makeshift game of mumblety-peg.

I feel a tap on my shoulder. A soldier stands behind me, cradling a ceramic statue of the Virgin Mary. I take his picture, which seems to satisfy him. Then a lanky, baby-faced private wanders up and pantomimes slashing the blade of his bayonet across his own neck. His eyes go wide, and with a broad, homicidal grin he says, "Daaaeeeeesh." His buddies laugh. The sergeant wanders over. He explains that tomorrow they'll continue their advance at first light. They plan to liberate three more villages, he says, before muttering under his breath, "Inshallah."

I am anxious to retrieve my passport, so I find Hawre. We walk back toward our HiLux. Ahead of us is a consistent rumble of artillery and airstrikes. Behind us we can hear the chatter of the Golden Division as it beds down for the night. The soldiers' voices are cheerful, certain of victory. And they probably will take Mosul. But even if the Islamic State loses all of the cities it occupies across Iraq, the group will likely plague the country with a Sunni insurgency that will cause further sectarian violence, a repeat of the past decade. I think of all the cities we took in our war—Fallujah, Ramadi, Najaf, Nasiriyah. Winning those battles did little to end the fighting. What difference will Mosul make?

Someone calls out from behind a flatbed ammunition truck parked in a field. When I turn, a hulking figure in an old American-style desert uniform with a brown T-shirt jogs toward me with a broad smile, his enormous gut swaying in rhythm with his steps. "Cigarette, *habibi*?" I offer him a Marlboro Light. "Oh, no, I don't like Lights. You American?" he asks, taking out one of his own cigarettes, a brand called Pine. "My sister, she lives in America, in Texas."

"Oh, yeah, where in Texas?" My mother is from Texas.

He looks confused. "In Texas!"

"No, what part—Dallas, Houston?"

"Like I say, in Texas."

His name, he says, is Firaz Saleh Mohammad. I take it down at first just to be polite. He is a sergeant. Then he explains how he helped his sister immigrate because "I've been a soldier longer than anyone. I was ICDC, *habibi*," he says, referring to the Iraqi Civil Defense Corps, the precursor to the Iraqi army. It was founded in 2003 and summarily dissolved a year later. "I have been here since the very beginning, starting with the ICDC and Marines in Fallujah in 2004. No one has seen as much as I have seen."

I tell him that I was in Fallujah in 2004.

"I was with one-five. You know one-five?"

"Yes, I know one-five." A few friends come to mind. "I was with one eight."

He puts his arm around me and laughs. "What are you doing here?" he asks. "Did you get lost?" I don't say anything, and he doesn't push it. He just smiles, jabs his finger in my face, and says, "My sister, she is very happy in Texas." As he finishes his cigarette, he's looking to the west, toward Mosul.

"What do you think's going to happen?" I ask him.

He shakes his head. "This? The future of all this, it cannot be predicted." ■

NYPD BLACK

(continued from page 109)



mortifying for the defense. Ordinarily, the experience of being cross-examined is like giving a speech to an audience of a single heckler; Roberts had six of them, mostly white radical lawyers who denounced men like him as "the trusted slave who would whip the other slaves when required," and "secret agents, . . . forced to sell their souls and forfeit their manhood." He had certainly endured sermons from high-minded whites on what black men should believe and how they should behave, but for the conscientious labors of his life to be contrasted unfavorably with those of windy poseurs and brutal ex-cons must have been painfully new.

One lawyer challenged him, "Isn't it a fact that you helped murder Malcolm X?"

Afeni Shakur, one of the defendants, shouted, "Yes!" Shakur was heavily pregnant during the trial. She had been free on bail when her son, Tupac, the future rap superstar, was conceived. Her husband, Lumumba, had not.

Roberts responded to the question at greater length than either side might have preferred. He spoke with as much anger and pain as his nature and the circumstances allowed, telling of how the NYPD had failed to heed his warnings about the threat to Malcolm, and how he had risked his life to do whatever small good was possible. Whether his testimony was sufficiently impressive, or the lesson of his life was too difficult to reduce, most of the defense lawyers chose to focus on the other undercovers in their summations.

Several former cops said that Gene Roberts struggled during his remaining years on the job. Patrick Harnett, who retired as a chief, told me, "I was a young cop when I met him. This guy had some pair of balls to do what he did, but he was a nice, unassuming guy. Everybody liked him. But he was basically new to the world of policing. And what makes you a great undercover doesn't make you a great detective." After the trial, Roberts was assigned to ordinary detective duties in the Bronx. He developed a drinking problem, which eventually cost him his marriage.

In Harnett's view, the department failed Roberts. He was given medals but never promoted, he was still living in his apartment and taking the subway to court during the Panther trial, despite the danger. Instead of addressing his alcoholism, the department parked him in a quiet precinct. He died alone in Virginia in 2008. I found his obituary online and contacted the pastor who was listed as having performed the service. His representatives got back to me to say that he did not remember the funeral.

Roberts gave several interviews later in life, including one for a 1994 documentary called *Brother Minister: The Assassination of Malcolm X*, which follows him as he walks through what appears to be the remains of the Audubon Ballroom. His gait is stiffer than it should be for a man in his early fifties. His beard is gray, his eyes are wide, and the high arch of his eyebrows gives him an expression of permanent surprise. He's missing a few teeth. He speaks with a weary melancholy, balting often and trailing off: "There are a lot of people in the black community that consider me a traitor to my race and the community. . . . I felt then and I feel now . . . I would get some negative feedback. And I would get some positive feedback. I felt that it was a job. A job I felt was the right thing to do."

In the documentary, Roberts recalls reporting to BOSS that he tried to give Malcolm X mouth-to-mouth. One of his handlers asked, "What did you do that for?" Roberts sounds as puzzled as he is wounded when he cites his reply: "Cops try to save people."

Roberts talked to Count around the same time. He told her that he "wouldn't want to see another guy go through what I did. I really wouldn't. Maybe because I feel they might not have my tolerance, so to speak." He went on: "You do this, and you're gonna have nightmares."

YOU CAN WIN AT TRIAL and still lose the larger argument. For the Panther 21, being found not guilty seems to have brought a more damning verdict of triviality, of impotence. Days after the acquittal, two cops were machine-gunned outside the Manhattan district attorney's house, crippling them for life. A group called the Black Liberation Army, which was organized by one of the Panther 21 defendants, Richard "Dhoruba" Moore, claimed responsibility for the shootings.

The BLA waged a campaign of bank robberies, bombings, and police assassinations across the country, killing at least fourteen cops. The group was also allied with Eldridge Cleaver in his war with Huey Newton and the West Coast Black Panthers. Moore was eventually arrested during the robbery of an after-hours club, by Pat Harnett and his partner. Despite maintaining his innocence, he was convicted of attempted murder for his role in the police shootings. While in prison, he pled guilty to attempted manslaughter after the charred remains of a Newton ally were found in a building that housed the official Panther newspaper.

And then there were the revelations about COINTELPRO, the FBI domestic-espionage program. Not only did J. Edgar Hoover target wholly aboveboard organizations, such as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, but his tactics were casually criminal and astonishingly vicious. A man like Gene Roberts might have picked up a newspaper and read about how the BLA planted a bomb in a church in San Francisco, to be set off during a police officer's funeral, and felt reassured that he'd chosen the right side. It's hard to fathom his reaction to learning that the FBI had secretly recorded Martin Luther King having sex with another woman and sent the tapes to his wife, or that Hoover's Bureau had sent King a note urging him to commit suicide. Was what Gene did a part of that?

The publicity of the Panther 21 trial eventually led to a landmark consent decree that limited the scope of police investigations into political activity. And for many cops, the consequences of the exposure of COINTELPRO were as appalling as the program itself. Dhoruba Moore had served nineteen years in prison when his attempted-murder conviction was overturned. A judge ruled that the prosecution had improperly withheld from Moore's lawyers information that the FBI had collected. Two wrongs didn't make Moore right, but they did make him rich. He was awarded nearly $1 million in damages by New York City and the federal government.

In later life, Gene Roberts might have offered Moore as an example of why the Panther case wasn't wholly a matter of reactionary paranoia—but people only asked him about Malcolm, and that story got sadder every time he told it. (Roberts would perhaps have found a receptive audience with the New Black Panther Party, whose members broke Dhoruba's jaw in three places, in Atlanta in 2015, when he accused them of being government spies.) Though Roberts was a good man and Moore was not, both had the same desperate, doubting tone when they insisted that their lives had been justified.

CHIEF THOMAS GALATI, the current commanding officer of the Intelligence Division—and my old boss—told me, "I really, really try to take care of my people. Some are bitter. It's tough. I can see how some of them are conflicted. But we try to take care of them, however we can, even if it's a long time after they left."

When Galati was a young cop, in the mid-eighties, he and his partner saw a middle-aged black man driving a Renault convertible in Queens. It was a cold night, but the man had the top down, and he was driving around five miles an hour. After he collided with a pole, the officers approached him, and he suddenly grabbed Galati's partner, bashing her head against the side of the car. At the precinct, they found his retired NYPD ID, which was stamped NO FIREARM. His arrest history showed he had assaulted a highway cop before, apparently under similar circumstances. The man kept going crazy until the sergeant at the desk, who was black, seemed to recognize him. He went in the cell to talk. After a few minutes of quiet conversation, the man seemed to wake up from a dream, apologizing—*Is everybody okay?* The prisoner and the sergeant had been undercovers of the same type, from the same time. A boss from downtown arrived at the precinct, and things were settled. The case went away, as far as Galati knew. What had driven the man to such despair might never be known, but it appeared to warrant him a large measure of forgiveness.

Whose are the representative stories of those battles, those of the survivors or the casualties? In his memoir, *Eric-83: Patriot or Traitor?*, Howlette answers the question to his satisfaction, making his case with the madness of the squared-away airman he once was and the precision of the attorney he became. During the Panther trial, he was assigned to protect the judge, John Murtagh, after his house was firebombed. When Murtagh learned that Howlette was interested in law school, he helped him win a full scholarship to Fordham. Howlette sees his career as a struggle for betterment, and not only his own. He didn't know black cops when he was a kid, let alone black lawyers. One of his sons is graduating from medical school this spring; another is an assistant U.S. attorney.

Howlette is candid about his failings—he writes about having to surrender his law license for a time, after commingling client funds with his business accounts. No restitution was owed to any client, but he takes full responsibility for his actions. The mea culpa contrasts strikingly with his recollections of his early police career, for which he offers no apology. He tends not to let things get to him.

When Howlette ran for the New York State assembly in the early nineties, as a Republican in the suburbs, he found it necessary to rebut attacks against his undercover work. Though he was vice president of his local chapter of the NAACP, and he'd stopped a plot to kill Roy Wilkins, he says that his fellow NAACP members were behind the smear campaign.

The men Howlette sent to prison, Arthur Harris and Herman Ferguson, both jumped bail and fled the country before sentencing. Harris has never been found, but Ferguson returned from exile in Guyana in 1989, in the hope that FBI files would lead to his conviction being overturned. Instead, he served a prison term of a little more than four years.

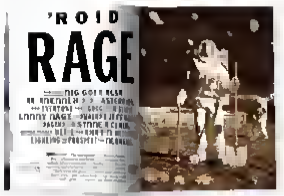
When I told Howlette that the failed double agent who betrayed him—the man whose face also appears on the Wanted poster—went on to become a police chief in the Caribbean, he was unruffled. "I heard he'd gone back to the islands."

I asked, "If you saw him today, what would you tell him?"

Howlette knew what it was like to have been in the crucible of history, and he was in no rush to pass judgment. He thought for a moment and said, "I probably wouldn't recognize him." ■

'ROID RAGE

(continued from page 103)



Unlike everyone else I met, Schneider has no personal interest in space. He never watched the Space Shuttle launches or hankered to be come an astronaut. He doesn't read science fiction or quote *Star Wars*. And while he believes asteroid mining will attract other NewSpace business to Luxembourg and eventually become a major industry in its own right, he is forthright that for the time being his investment serves another purpose. "Now we are on the board of a U.S. company," says Schneider. "I met Jeff Bezos. I met Larry Page." For Schneider, asteroid mining is a terrific networking opportunity.

A two-and-a-half-hour flight northwest of Luxembourg lies an even tinier tax haven that also wanted to jump on the NewSpace bandwagon. It too was heralded as a farsighted patron. But today it's less a blueprint for success than a cautionary tale.

THE ISLE OF MAN—thirty miles long by ten miles wide, population eighty-eight thousand—sits in the middle of the Irish Sea like a lost apostrophe. It's not part of Ireland, and it's not really part of the United Kingdom. The island's flag, three armored legs joined at the hip, bears the motto "Whichever way you throw it, it will stand," which seems devoid of any deeper meaning beyond the benefits of having three legs.

When you ask the lads at a local bar in the island's mildewed capital of Douglas whether they know anything about the space program, they shrug. "Asteroid mining?" one says. "You're havin' a laugh." If you want to escape gravity they suggest Magnetic Hill, a mysterious stretch of road that cars roll *up*, in seeming defiance of natural law. It's a strange place. And when Manannan's Cloak comes rolling in—the thick sea fog that is said to hide the island from unwanted visitors—you can well imagine you're on another planet.

Chris Machin, the seventy-two-year-old president of the Jurby Transport Museum, which houses the program's remnants amid a bunch of vintage buses and trams in an old air craft hangar, admits, "My colleagues aren't too keen on it. If it doesn't have four wheels and ninety-seven seats in it, they begin to chunter."

At the museum, I squeeze by Model T Fords and vintage Buicks, and then I see it. Tucked out of view between a Leyland double-decker bus and an old Velocette racing bike is a prisstine cone-shaped space capsule in racing green, festooned with the flags of the United States, the United Kingdom, Russia, and the Isle of Man. This capsule, and a giant module from a Soviet space station that sits under a tarp at the other end of the island, are the property of a man named Art Dula.

Dula is a larger-than-life character in the annals of NewSpace, which is saying something. Back in the 1970s, he became one of America's first space lawyers, a tireless booster for the benefits of extraplanetary free enterprise. He's the literary executor to the estate of legendary sci-fi author Robert Heinlein, and was also a trailblazing space entrepreneur. In 1982 he helped launch the first private U.S. space rocket, the Conestoga, and set up a company to sell launches on Soviet rockets to buyers in the West. (It sold one.) The businesses may not have been great successes, but Dula was way ahead of the curve when it came to monetizing the cosmos, and this made him something of a celebrity in space-obsessed Houston—home of NASA's Mission Control Center—during the 1980s. However, none of these ventures were as audacious as the plans he hatched on the Isle of Man in the mid-2000s.

Dula wanted to leverage his contacts in the Russian and U.S. space programs to set up asteroid mining and space tourism businesses at precisely the moment that the Isle of Man—like Luxembourg today—was looking to diversify its economy away from financial services. With a nascent satellite industry already in place, the Isle of Man was all too happy to host Dula's company, Excalibur Almaz.

Dula planned to buy four reusable space capsules and two massive spare Soviet space station modules. He hoped to use these Russian cast-offs to launch the first private commercial prospecting mission to an asteroid, and to fly wealthy earthlings around the moon. It was an auspicious time to be seeking financial backers. Space tourism was on the world's front pages thanks to the Ansari XPrize competition, which awarded $10 million to SpaceShipOne for building the first privately developed reusable manned spacecraft, and the financial crisis of 2008 was still a few years off. Takafumi Horie, a wealthy Japanese Internet entrepreneur, agreed to buy 75 percent of Excalibur Almaz for $49 million. Dula found a minority investor on a cruise ship. When the spacecraft were shipped to the Isle of Man and Dula's plans announced, the tiny island was besieged by press and soon ranked by Flight Ascend, a space-industry analyst, as the fourth most likely nation to land on the moon, ahead of India.

Unfortunately things began to go wrong almost immediately. Dula blames the grounding of the Space Shuttle in 2011 for destroying his business model. Demand for the Russian rockets quadrupled overnight. At the same time, however, he was hit with two lawsuits from his investors claiming that his sci-fi sales pitch was a scam. One case was voluntarily withdrawn, but he is fighting the other, bigger one brought against him by Horie. Dula won't comment on this except to say, "New activities that can really change the future in a big way are always misunderstood and risky." Horie, who has been convicted of stock fraud himself, says he will invest whatever damages he is awarded in his own NewSpace venture, Interstellar Technologies.

Craig Malisow, a reporter who covered the saga for the *Houston Press*, has expressed skepticism about Dula's optimistic projections. "If it's true that, in space, no one can hear you scream," he wrote in 2016, "then in NewSpace, no one can see your bullshit." Jim Logan prefers to put Dula's failure down to "overpromising."

Most people who know about Dula's ups and downs are willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. He's always been pushing the boundaries of what's possible. But when does a visionary become a con man?

It's worth asking because Art Dula has numerous ties to the current crop of asteroid miners. One of his earliest customers was Eric Anderson, the cofounder of Planetary Resources, who paid Dula $200,000 for an asteroid-mining feasibility study. Rick Tumlinson, a founder of Deep Space Industries, gave Dula a "Pioneer of NewSpace" award through his Space Frontier Foundation in 2010. And Dula himself, in his role as literary executor to the Heinlein estate, has personally presented six-figure awards to Elon Musk, Jeff Bezos, and Peter Diamandis (the other cofounder of Planetary Resources) in recognition of their "accomplishments in commercial space activities."

"I don't think anyone within that community likes to be critical of anything," Malisow says of this tangled web of NewSpace acquaintances. "And no one wants to speak openly even if they do feel that way. So it's incredibly easy for people who are dreamers or just full of hot air to stick around in perpetuity." He pauses to find just the right analogy. "It becomes one giant circle jerk."

NOT EVERYONE, however, is convinced that there is gold in them hills. Martin Elvis, a senior astrophysicist at the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics, published a 2014 paper stating that there may be as few as ten asteroids that could be profitably mined. "I found the starry-eyed nature of the [asteroid miners] a little too much," he says. With the recent improvements in rocket technology, he thinks that number has since increased, but he remains skeptical of the trillion-dollar appraisals. Determining the composition of an asteroid is largely based on rudimentary spectroscopic readings of what's on an asteroid's surface, so any valuation based on such superficial data "is a bit of an assumption," Elvis says. He believes the technology to mine an asteroid is within reach, but "whether the economics will fall together or not, I don't know. I hope they will."

Everyone I spoke to—from NewSpace and Old—believes that asteroid mining's technical challenges, while considerable, are solvable through a mix of public and private innovation. Some say the bugs could be worked out in as few as fifteen years. But the success of this enterprise depends on more than just effective equipment. It requires a second leap of faith.

For asteroid mining to succeed, the practitioners not only have to believe that the asteroids are ore rich, and reachable, and that they can be mined cost effectively, and that no legal obstructions crop up before they blast off; they also have to believe in the Jetsonian visions of Bezos and Musk. If in fifteen years there are no Martian homesteaders, who will be their market?

Chris Lewicki believes such pessimism shows "a lack of vision." But the asteroid miners' go to historical analogies—the discovery of the New World, the opening up of the frontier—cut both ways. Treasure ships sank and were plundered, frontiersmen starved and were scalped, some places were just too inhospitable to settle, and that's not even considering the fact that rockets go boom in a way a covered wagon never could. As the asteroid miners raise more funds and issue ever loftier pronouncements, it's enough to make you wonder whether we're witnessing the birth of a new gold rush, or the search for a nonexistent El Dorado. ■

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Russell SIMMONS

Entrepreneur, cofounder of Def Jam Recordings



Russell Simmons at his Tantric Center in West Hollywood.

I'm addicted to prayer beads. I have an altar with all kinds of them. They have the image of the om, which is very sacred to me. The om is like the collective, the connector, the sound of God. I've always had an om around my neck—I like the way it looks against my clothes—but I've been wearing these particular beads for six years at least. They remind me of that line "All my girls do yoga" [from Rae Sremmurd's "Do Yoga"]. I've been hearing that so much in class. M

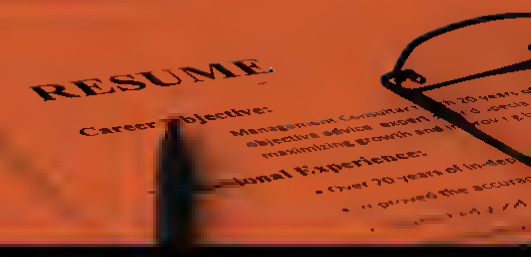
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